John Bull, December 26, 1925 Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED NET SALE

Vol. XXXVII. No. 1011. FOURPENCE.

Get Marconi Valves in the purple box

At all radio dealers

Tragic Story of two Children

BY

'A Gentleman with a Duster'

TO CURE RHEUMATISM WITHOUT DOSING

Painful gout, lumbago, sciatica, and other uric acid disorders, disappear with remarkable rapidity. Prominent people explain the benefits derived from baths in hot water produced by adding a small quantity of the refined saltrates compound which all chemists can supply at slight cost.

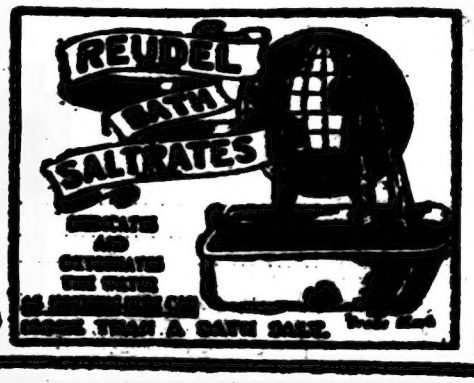
REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

MORE THAN A BATH SALT.

Dissolved in plain water, it produces a highly *medicated* and *oxygenated* bath or foot-bath, possessing wonderful refreshing and curative properties. It reproduces in concentrated form the essential constituents found in the waters at celebrated natural curative springs providing :—

SPA TREATMENT AT YOUR OWN HOME.

The results of using Reudel Bath Saltrates are so remarkably satisfactory that many hundreds of prominent men and women have written us in grateful acknowledgment of the wonderful benefits derived. The following are only a few of the well-known people who have films written us :—Geo. Robey, Eugene Corri, Jimmy Wilde, Geo. Carpentier, Billy Wells, Ernest Berry, Abe Mitchell, J. H. Robbie, "Andy" Ducat, Phyllis Monkman, Harry Fleur, Jack Hunting, Johnnie Basham and Jim Sullivan.



Reudel Bath Saltrates can be obtained from any chemist, prices 2/- a half-pound and 3/3 a pound. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every user, or MONEY BACK IN FULL IMMEDIATELY AND WITHOUT QUESTION.

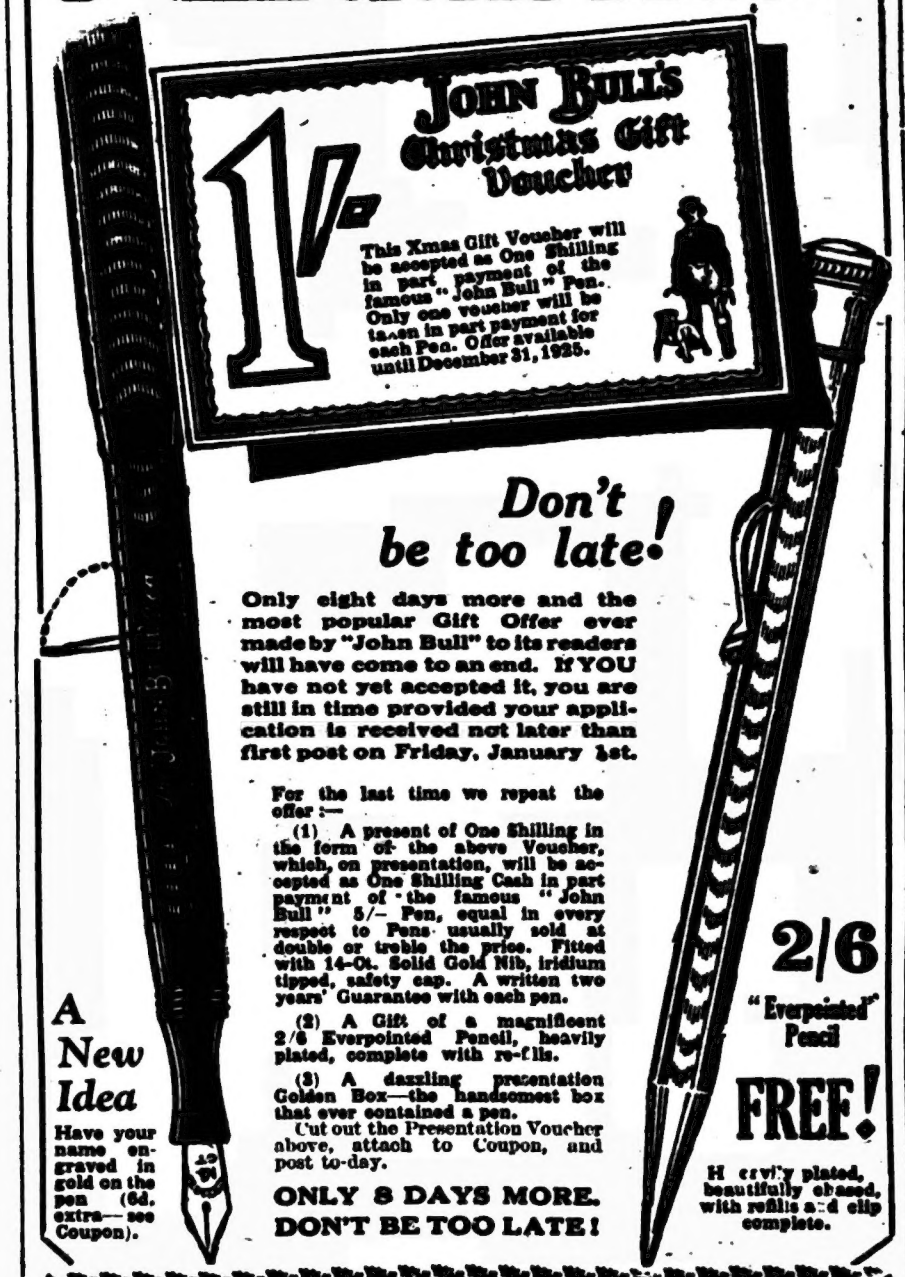
Saltrates Limited, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

ONLY 8 MORE DAYS

DEC 31

JOHN BULL'S Great Xmas Gift to YOU

CLOSES DEC. 31ST


1/-
JOHN BULL'S
Christmas Gift
Voucher
This Xmas Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Pen. Only one voucher will be taken in part payment for each Pen. Offer available until December 31, 1925.

Don't be too late!

Only eight days more and the most popular Gift Offer ever made by "John Bull" to its readers will have come to an end. If YOU have not yet accepted it, you are still in time provided your application is received not later than first post on Friday, January 1st.

For the last time we repeat the offer:—

(1) A present of One Shilling in the form of the above Voucher, which, on presentation, will be accepted as One Shilling Cash in part payment of the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen, equal in every respect to Pens usually sold at double or treble the price. Fitted with 14-Ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, safety cap. A written two years' Guarantee with each pen.

(2) A Gift of a magnificent 2/6 Everpointed Pencil, heavily plated, complete with re-fills.

(3) A dazzling presentation Golden Box—the handsomest box that ever contained a pen.

Cut out the Presentation Voucher above, attach to Coupon, and post to-day.

ONLY 8 DAYS MORE.
DON'T BE TOO LATE!

A New Idea

Have your name engraved in gold on the pen (6d. extra—see Coupon).

2/6
"Everpointed" Pencil
FREE!

Heavily plated, beautifully chased, with refills and clip complete.

Christmas Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2.

Please send me the Golden Christmas Gift Set, containing the "JOHN BULL" 5/- Lever Filler Pen, and FREE 2/6 Everpointed Pencil.

I enclose Gift Voucher (which please accept as 1/- in part payment), together with Postal Order for 4/3 (*which includes Postage and Insurance*).

(Pocket Clip 3d. each extra.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Fine, medium or broad nib. (*Cross out grades not required.*)

Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra .....

(*Write in capitals name desired.*)

Cross Cheque P.O. "& Co.," and make payable to "JOHN BULL." J.B. 26.12:25.

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE INSURANCE GIFT

105 MORE CHEQUES TO "JOHN BULL" READERS

SPACE PERMITS US TO GIVE A FEW NAMES ONLY.

FIRE—Up to £400.

PUTNEY.—R. L. JOHNSTONE, 12, Norroy Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. H. W. STEPHENS, 267, Highbridge Road, Wylde Green.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. R. BARFOOT, 8, Customs Row, Cargo Fleet.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. H. MARTIN, 3, Hemans Street, Wavertree.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. D. QUINN, 13, Logie Street, Govan.
PLYMOUTH.—S. RYDER, 10, Gilwell Place.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. S. MCLACHLAN, 1091, Maryhill Road.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. W. ROBERTSON, 1091, Maryhill Road.
BURNLEY.—Mrs. E. CHRISTIAN, 286, Burnside View, Briercliffe Road.
RYTON-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. E. KERR, 13, Hut, Greenside.
BALLIESTON, LANARK.—Mrs. A. STEVENSON, 14-13, Long Row, Swinton.
SKERTON, LANCASTER.—A. YOUNG, 136, Main Street.
BIRKENHEAD.—Mrs. E. ROWLANDS, 135, Cambridge Road, Ellesmere Port.
Nr. SHEFFIELD.—T. H. FINAN, 64A, Blackburn.
SANDY, BEDS.—H. E. SMALL, 84, Neot's Road.
NEATH.—Mrs. M. DAVIES, 51, Leonard Street.
GREENGAIRS, By AIRDRIE.—M. BELL, 39, Mid Row.

STORM FLOODS—Up to £200.

MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. R. JOBLING 31, Princess Street.
WEST HARTLEPOOL.—J. A. SPOONS 17, Turnbull Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—GEO. YATES, 3, Brades Row, Rounds Green, Oldbury.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. S. FOWER, 108, Belgrave Road, Edgbaston.
BIRMINGHAM.—A. J. PAYNE, 326, Warwick Road, Greet.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. E. L. STOWELL, Bedford House, Westbury Hill, Westbury-on-Trym.
TYLORSTOWN, S. WALES.—Mrs. S. CLAPHAM, 43, Woodland Road.
MARKHAMCHURCH, Nr. BUDE. — S. T. BASSETT, Harlake Cottage.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. M. PARK, 328, Nuneaton Street, Bridgeton.
ARBROATH, FORFARSHIRE. — Mrs. H. JARRET, 11, Park Street.
ARBROATH, FORFARSHIRE.—Mrs. J. CLARK, 55, West Grimsby.
COATBRIDGE.—Mr. P. M. MCALINDEN, 17E, Coathank Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. GARDNER, 11, Hunters Vale, Hockley.

SICKNESS BENEFITS—£5 5 0.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. W. W. R. REYNOLDS, 4, Airlie Place.
BRIDGWATER, SOMERSET. — A. BAILEY, 4, Polden Street.
SAXMUNDHAM, SUFFOLK. Mrs. A. M. BLOOMFIELD, Greenford, Snape.
SMALLTHORNE, STAFFS.—J. GLOVER, 270, Hanley Road, Nettlebank.
WINDSOR.—T. MOSES, 13, Devereux Road.
COLLYCROFT, Nr. NUNEATON.—J. A. WILLETT, 19, Wood Street.
BURY.—Mrs. H. ANDERSON, 33, Church Street, Walshaw.
GARVAGH, CO. DERRY.—Mr. R. FARRY, Caw.
GARVAGH, CO. DERRY.—T. JOHNSTON, Main Street.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. SINCLAIR, 104, Holland Street, Maryhill.
SHOTTON, Nr. CHESTER. Mrs. M. OXTON, 35, Chester Road.
CHOPWELL, CO. DURHAM. Mrs. M. CAREY, 13, Mersey Street.
GRIFFITHSTOWN, NEWPORT. — Mr. F. PEARCE, 7, Bridge Street.
SCUNTHORPE, LINCS.—E. GOWER, 7, Morley Street.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS—£3 per week.

SOUTHSEA.—Mrs. E. SUMMERS, 58, Great Southsea Street.
NEW HERRINGTON, DURHAM. Mrs. M. E. BALMER, Front Street.
ATTERCLIFFE.—Mrs. E. PERRY, 12, Clave Street.
BLYTH, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Mr. J. LIDSTER, 17, Haughton Terrace.
LOWER EDMONTON.—Mrs. E. J. CANT, 52, Hendon Road.
KING'S LYNN.—Mrs. E. SMITH, 44, Sydney Street, Chase Estate.
ROCHDALE.—Miss H. A. JONES, 6, Crawford Street.
LOFTHOUSE, Nr. WAKEFIELD. Mrs. L. LONGLEY, 64, Leeds Road.
LITTLE LEVER, Nr. BOLTON. Mrs. M. E. HOWARTH, 2, Ainsworth Road.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID 18,56 .

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

J.B. 26/12/25.

CUT HERE. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date ....

J.B. 26/12/25.

Announcement to GILLETTE USERS

TRADE Gillette MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER.

Shaving is just a before-breakfast incident if you make use of the Gillette Blade. It has the finest shaving edge that steel will take.

Not the product of over-night provision but of long years and patient research and experiment is this shaving edge. The finest of blade steel, a perfected process of manufacturing and a vigilant inspection system—all of these attest the exceptional value in the Gillette blade.

Gillette Blades are made with microscopic accuracy to fit Gillette Safety Razors :—It is this combination which gives the perfect shave.

Imperfectly fitting blades, no matter of what steel they are made, are liable to cause trouble and give poor and disappointing shaving results.

The Gillette process of manufacturing is a secret patent and cannot be imitated.

Upwards of 5,000,000 Gillette double-edge blades are manufactured every day in the Gillette works. In all parts of the world you can purchase Gillette Blades—packed by hand in envelopes to preserve and protect their keen edges. Every Gillette user in his own interest is warned to use only Gillette Blades and to avoid substitutes and imitations which may be offered.

Gillette Blades used in combination with the Gillette Safety Razor give THE PERFECT SHAVE.

Gillette BLADES

4/6 PER PACKET OF 10 (20 SHAVING EDGES) ||| **IN PACKETS OF 5 (10 SHAVING EDGES) 2/3**

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD., 184-188, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Christmas means two days without NEWS

The People

has prepared a Wonderful Number for Sunday next

The
GALLOWS HAND

If you like "creepy" stories—stories with the Edgar Allan Poe touch—where imagination runs riot and the characters seem to jump out of the pages and live, then you *must* read "The Gallows Hand," Edgar Wallace's masterpiece, now running in "The People" in serial form.

The threat of a condemned murderer to "come up from the grave and grip by the throat" his accusers forms the keynote to this remarkable story which reaches a dramatic climax in next Sunday's "People."

A Specially Good Issue with ALL the News and ALL the Pictures

Don't forget that besides being hungry for turkey and other good things at Christmas time, you will be just as "hungry" for——NEWS! Friday and Saturday will be blank days—you will be totally in the dark as to the happenings of the outside world. You will miss that favourite column to which you turn the first thing every morning—you will miss the pictures of world events—the doings of your favourite team in sport.

To make up for this, "The People" has prepared for you an extra fine edition—more news—more pictures—more features—and—an amazing and true ghost story, "The Haunted Castle," by H. Marshall, taken from real life. Having read this, you will become absorbed in "The Gallows Hand," the great new serial by Edgar Wallace, that prince of story tellers, or in "Bob" Sievier's latest selections.

Don't give your newsagent the chance to say "Sold out—" *order* your copy to-day.

Robert Standish Sievier—the finest living judge of racing and racehorses, gives his life's secrets and selections each week in "The People."

CLANKING CHAINS

A subterranean passage, a sliding panel, a ghostly hand that shoots out of the dark and strokes the sleeper's face — here are some of the incidents in a true story by the private detective H. Marshall, appearing in "The People" next Sunday. A story to read late at night when the house is steeped in slumber, and when every little sound makes you start! Truth is stranger than fiction, as you will find out after reading "The Haunted Castle"—one of the strangest and weirdest stories ever penned.

The People

Don't miss it next Sunday.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

LOOK, USEFUL PRESENTS.—Army Boots, 10/6, 12/6; Socks, 1/3; Cord Breeches, 10/6, 12/6; Leggings, 4/6, 7/6; Grey Shirts, 6/-; Oilskin Suits, 12/6, 21/-; Leather Waistcoats, 6/-; various Capes; Horses' Loin-cloths, 5/6; Rubber Boots, all kinds; Blankets, 4/6; Rubber Sheets, 6 x 3, 3/6; Overcoats, 14/6; Waterproof covers, any size, 1/3 sq. yd., made up. Carriage paid. Satisfaction guaranteed.—GABSON & SONS, Rye. Est. 126 years.

DUNKLEY PRAMS.—Free Cot offer.—Particulars, Manageress, 38, Dunkley House, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

FLOOR COVERINGS. — Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp proof, Rot-proof, Sanitary. For any kind of floor, 2/- per sq. yd., car. paid. Samples Free.—O. Jones & Son (Dept. J.B.), 60, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.1.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES 27/6, motors 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolines. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Cmbs., South St., London, E.C.2.

JAZZ Outfits, Ukuleles, Musical Instruments, Gramophones. Write for list.—Palmers, 135, Linthorpe-rd, Middlesbrough.

WIRELESS.

MIRACLE 2-Valve Set with Loud-Speaker range of 400 miles. The World's Greatest Bargain. List free.—World's Wireless Stores, Wallington.

Give Your Dog a Happy Xmas

Buy him a bag of Spratts' Ovals as a special Xmas treat, and make a good resolution that right throughout the new year you will give your dog Spratts' "Meat Fibrine" Dog Cakes or Puppy Biscuits.

Always look for the name and the trade mark X on every biscuit. Write for FREE Doggy Booklet to: SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 24/5, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

SPRATTS'
MEAT FIBRINE DOG FOODS

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A.B.C. GUIDE to Remnant and Drapery Trade free. Worth pounds, valuable hints. Make money selling Prints, Towels, Tabling, Travellers' Samples, etc. Send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

SHOPKEEPERS and Beginners requiring cheap lines in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overall, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc., write for Illustrated Cat. to S. Moses, Dept. J.B., 8, Lyon Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare Time Agency.—See Large Advert on page 26.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a blanket club amongst friends. No outlay. Send for particulars.—Crosse Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

KNITTERS wanted to Work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 1.B, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com. — J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

BOYS WANTED; SPLENDID OPENINGS IN AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, CANADA; free farm training; assisted passages; ages 14 to 19.—Apply, Secretary, The Salvation Army, 3, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4, or 12, Pembroke Place, Liverpool.

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY NEEDS TRAINED MEN—Drivers, Salesmen, Demonstrators, Mechanics, Chauffeur-Mechanics and Fitters. Let the British School of Motoring quickly train YOU for a well-paid job. The best equipped school in London. Introductions to positions free of charge. Lowest fees.—Call or write, British School of Motoring, Ltd., Head Office, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

BECOME A CERTIFIED BOOK-KEEPER.—Post tuition, 10/- month. Post found when qualified, or fee returned. Booklet, testimonials, free.—City Correspondence College (D.9.), 69, Chancery Lane, London.

A DEFINITE AGREEMENT REGARDING A POSITION as Commercial Traveller or Salesman is entered into with every student of FIVE WEEKS' tuition in salesmanship. This instruction includes a series of PRACTICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL DEMONSTRATIONS. Fees are refunded to unsuccessful students. Call or write for prospectus.—SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 56, Kingsway, W.C.2, and at Manchester and Glasgow.

WONDERFUL PROFITS IN SWEETS. Lessons given personally or by mail in sweets and chocolates. Latest American methods. No special appliances, kitchen utensils only. Pupils are rushed with Xmas orders. Enclose 2d. stamp postage. Ingredients supplied, small quantities and sale.—Liberty Candy Co., Summit House, Langham Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

ROYAL MARINES.—BE A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR, TOO.—Young Men are required for enlistment in the Royal Marines. Age 17 to 23 years. Good pay. All found. Excellent chances of promotion.—Apply by letter to the Director of Naval Recruiting, 55, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE? Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; Papers covering Wales, 3/8. Many others. Prospectus.—Central Press, Bureau, Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London. 'Phone: City 842.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners. Write for advice and list H. to Lavalie (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

IF YOU SELL MAIL ORDER and your lines appeal to the "Million," describe them in these classified columns. One regular *JOHN BULL* want-ad. user writes: "I would be sorry to manage a mail order business without it." Rate 8/- per line (about six words). Minimum charge 24/-. For further proof of the pulling power of *JOHN BULL* Want-Ads. or in sending an ad., address Small Advertisements Manager, *JOHN BULL* 57-9, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

THE GRAVES GRAMOPHONE is the World's Greatest Gramophone Bargain. Made entirely in the Graves Gramophone Works. Easy payments. Cutlg. free.—J. G. Graves, Ltd., Sheffield.

GUNS, Rifles, Pistols, Cartridges, Fishing Tackle several Bargains. Low prices. List free. —Webster (J.B.), 41, Newington Butts, S.E.11.

GREAT Cutlery Bargains. — Best quality Firth's Stainless Cutlery, 40/- worth offered at the bargain price of 19/-. 50 pieces 42/-. Splendid value.—Write for illustrated lists to The Universal Cutlery Store, 48, Tavistock Street, Nelson, Lancs.

PICTURE POSTCARDS for Theatrical Companies, Concert Parties, Players, etc., reproduced in best quality only, glossy or matt, in large or small quantities. Prices on application. — Picture Postcard Department, 23, Endell Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

IDEAL New Year Gifts.—Wonderful Watches at ridiculously low prices, from 7/6 up to 75/-, are shown in Watts Son & Co.'s large advertisement on page 27 of December 19 issue. Each is a rare bargain, backed by *John Bull's* satisfaction or money back guaranteed. We have thousands of satisfied customers all over the world, and have sold goods direct to *J.B.* readers for years. Write for free catalogue to Watts Son & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 357, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

MAGIC Tricks, Parce's 2/6, 5/-. Ventriloquist Instruments imitate Birds, 6d. each; 4 for 1/-. —Larkswood, 239, Pentonville Road, London, N.1.

Write for Booklet No. 28 of Cire Pearl Gifts, post free. Orders by post receive the same careful expert attention as if given personally in our showrooms.—Address, Cire Pearls, Ltd., Postal Dept. 28, at our Head Establishment, 178, Regent St., London, W.1.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER, — Talking Parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself for your child. Parties free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

RUPTURE.—Free Trial Wonderful new scientific treatment. Instant relief. Stops truss torture. No springs, lumpy or hard pads, no need for restraint. Call or write NOW for booklet "A" and full particulars.—Le Brasseur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.F.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch: 90, Worcester Street. Works: Passy, Paris.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (387), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES. — To prove the value of "Probyn Nutrient," which is guaranteed to restore health, strength, and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send a TRIAL SUPPLY ABSOLUTELY FREE.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Firbright Road, Southfields, London.

BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by Parker's Remedy, 3/-, hot., at Boots' or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James Street, Liverpool. Send 4d. stamps for sample.

ANTI-KAMNIA gives relief from Pains and Aches.—Write for free sample to (Dept. K.93) 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

NERVES.—Famous Nerve Specialist's Prescription for Neurasthenia, Lost Vitality, Weakness, etc., "POTENTOL" positively cures these disorders. Satisfaction or money back. Booklet free. —Ord & Co., 101, Jermyn Street, London.

TO every reader of *JOHN BULL* who sends a post-card to Humagsolan, Ltd., 71a, Faraday House, 10, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2, will receive a complimentary copy of a 32-page illustrated book on "The Care of the Hair."

RHEUMATISM.—Something new for this distressing malady.—"Hervea" is a simple tropical herb which you prepare like ordinary tea and drink once or twice a day. Send for your free sample now.—Address, Mr. H. Lee, Colonial Importer, Dept. 338s, 37, Red Lion Street, London, W.C.

CORN Sufferers should send for free Sample Plaster and Illustrated Booklet, "All About Corns" to Blue Jay Headquarters (Dept. U.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ABSOLUTELY TOP Prices paid for jewellery, gold, silver, etc. No quantity too small. Post or call.—Bensons, 215, Piccadilly, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

SECTO KILLS beetles, bugs, fleas, moths, green-fly and all other insects. Get it from your Chemist.—"SECTO," the Sure Killer.

CIGARETTES, Karah Finest Herbal. Choicest herbs. No Nicotine. Not injurious Digestion, Throat, Nerves. Carton 20, 9d. Box de luxe, 50 1/8; 100, 3/3. Post free.—Karah Co., Collyweston, Stamford, Lincs.

CHIC Parisienne Girl Postcards. Selections and lists, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-. Exclusive prints for Art Students.—B. J. Leon, 6, Norton St., Liverpool.

ANY DISTRICT — Purchase your house through co-op. society. Easy payts. Particulars free.—Society B., 4, London Wall Bldgs., E.C.

READERS will notice on page 24 that free samples of Cuticura preparations can be obtained on application to *F.* Newbery and Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner Street, E.C.1.

A FREE Booklet is offered by the proprietors of Spratts Dog Foods. Write for your free copy NOW.—Spratts Patents, Ltd., 24-5, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3.

IF you are still undecided about your New Year Gift, your problem is quickly solved if you write for the free illustrated Gift Catalogue from Boots' Pure Drug Co., Ltd., Station Road, Nottingham. There are Gift Depts. in every branch of Boots'.

CHRISTMAS will be all the happier to you if you respond to one of the worthy appeals in "The Helping Hand" on page 29. Remember that however small your donation, it will be gratefully received and acknowledged. Please mention *JOHN BULL* when writing.

1/- BOX makes 3 gallons of the World's most appetising and wholesome Drink—Dr. Watson's Stout. Send 9d. for large sample box.—Birmingham Food Supply Co., Ltd., 71, Victoria Works, Birmingham.

"I've come to the conclusion that Carreras are the only people who can make a Cork Tipped Cigarette"

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS by CARRERAS LTD 137 Years Reputation for Quality

CARRERAS LIMITED "A" CRAVEN "A" 35, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

CRAVEN 'A' for XMAS

100 in METAL BOX at ordinary price of 5/-

New Packing of the FAMOUS CRAVEN 'A'
The Cork Tipped Cigarette of this Generation
50's and 100's now in METAL BOXES

Week ending Saturday, Dec. 26, 1925. Twopence. Vol. XXXVIII. No. 1,0[illegible]

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Off Till the New Year.

Dispersing almost on the eve of Christmas, the House of Commons can look forward to a six weeks' holiday before next session brings a series of difficult problems to tackle—or dodge.

Circular and Cyclone.

A bigger storm than the Government expected is raised by the threat to starve the schools. Within his own Party Lord Eustace Percy is called on to show that block grants don't mean blockheads.

Oh, Percy !

The Duke of Northumberland, before the Coal Commission, defended his royalties by his public services. The Duke—Royalties £75,431, taxed down to £35,831. The Prime Minister—Salary £5,000, taxed down to £3,500. Even against the "Red peril" is the Duke worth ten Premiers ?

The Church's Foundation.

Can the Established Church really expect miners to pray in its temples when the secretary of the Ecclesiastical Commission appears along with a duke to champion mining royalties ?

Lest We Forget.

Eight years ago to-day guns were battering and shattering life from men and the spirit of good will from Christmas. Seven years after the Armistice was signed delegates from the nations meet to discuss disarmament. On the will of the people depends the issue, ghastly failure, or the entrance of a new and saner era.

Too Proud to Talk.

Locarno means nothing without disarmament, and Sir Austen's cold shoulder to Russia will wither his Locarno laurels. Italy and France could talk with Chicherin when he came west—but not a word from Britain.

Peaceful Pressure.

Through the bickerings over disarmament one hard, cold fact is bound to force an issue. With the franc worth less than twopence France has got to drop military adventures.

Turncoats.

That there has been a sudden change in the Government's policy regarding Irak is now an open secret. Mr. Baldwin must admit he has changed his mind. Evasions confuse the public and leave the country in doubt of the Prime Minister's honesty.

Sweeping Clean.

The Board of Trade Committee find "no unfair competition" in imported brooms and brushes and will not advise a tax. The truth is they dare not. Public protest has had its effect.

Down the Coal Hole.

At least twenty-one millions are needed to cover the coal subsidy period, though Mr. Churchill "hoped" to get through on fifteen. This kind of guess-and-hope finance may purchase an uneasy peace. It doesn't solve the difficulty.

What of the Spring ?

A flourishing industry exists by its own strength, and nothing but unification can strengthen the coal-fields. Time races on, and the Commission shows little promise of submitting practical plans. The outlook for next May is not nice.

Motoring Drunkards.

Why is the Government opposing Earl Russell's amendment to the Criminal Justice Bill which aims at depriving drunken motorists of their licences ? The man who can afford the upkeep of a car can afford any number of paltry fines.

Begging Fascists.

A cadging campaign by the "British Fascists' Carol Party" is being conducted by means of an appeal enclosed in an envelope bearing the words "On His Majesty's Service," imperfectly blacked out. Is the Government aware of this misuse of an official formula ?

Three Thousand Threatened.

If Admiralty axe wielders have their way Sheerness dockyard may be shut down. It is false economy. Where willing men and tools exist together sanity suggests their power being turned to civil uses.

Work for Women.

In London there are 1,066 schools giving elementary education to 801,131 children. There are 922 Care Committees, which works out at only one member to 154 children. The need for voluntary workers in the poor districts is acute.

All the Year Round.

Some people this Christmas will be ill from eating. Thousands, from ill-assorted food, are ill all the year round. Prominent M.P.s are taking up this question of wrong feeding. They must broadcast scientific information to all.

It's Too Costly.

The annual loss of wages through illness caused by bad feeding in this country totals £400,000,000. In this matter of food Britain lags behind Continental countries. We can't afford to let the national physique be lowered.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

105 More Cheques

for our Readers.

See page 2.

Welcome Home !

Christmas means a spell of leave for lightship men despite the enormous difficulty of finding adequate reliefs. Out of sight must never mean out of mind with these heroes. May they have this year the best the season affords.

They Did Shop Early.

Christmas shopping is over for 1925. Its total has been staggering. Charity as well as generosity has loosened purse-strings. Best of all, kiddies in all ranks of life are now enjoying a share of it.

They do Move.

At last Scotland Yard wakes up to the menace of the burglary boom. The police force is rapidly being strengthened. The threat of London citizens to appeal to the Home Office has been quickly effective.

In the Provinces Also.

Burglary is not a profession confined to the metropolis. More police are needed in the country. Grumblers at the cost forget the loss by theft and the amount of money poured out in prison keep of criminals. Prevention is not only better than cure. It's cheaper.

For Instance.

The prevalence of jewellery thefts points to well-organised gangs of receivers. If attention were concentrated on that half of the problem surprises would be forthcoming. Stolen goods without purchasers are valueless.

'Tis Ignorance, 'Tis Pity.

During 1924 the number of persons married who were unable to write their names in the register totalled over 2,000. Similar inability was shown this year. More and cheaper education is needed, not less and dearer.

We're Improving.

The Registrar-General announces marriages increased by 4,008 over his previous year's report. Divorces have been fewer. The effects of war-time fever are dying down and normal life is restored.

Coal Profiteering.

Without a blush the coal merchants admit that the recent advance in price is due to "the cold snap." In other words, ruthless advantage has been taken of stark human necessities. It is a waste of time to try to find pretty names for this sort of thing. It is just naked greed.

Amending Their Mistake.

The General Medical Council has restored to the Medical Register the names of Haydn Brown, Patrick Joseph Honan, William Mortimer Sheen, and Trevor Owen Williams, a proof that they never ought to have been off. It's time the knell of this sort of petty persecution sounded from Parliament.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Justifiable Pride.

When times were hard a Campsie octogenarian was relieved of his rates for four years. Better days came along, and the old man trudged off to the parish council office, paid the rates, and left 10s. in addition as a Christmas gift for Campsie's poor. May it make the recipients as happy as he was himself as he returned home declaring, "Now I can hold my head up once more."

A Shuttered Enquiry.

There seems to have been no good reason why the Ministry of Transport enquiry into the motor-coach disaster at Fenny Stratford should have been held behind closed doors. The safety of the travelling public is too serious a matter to be treated in this hugger-mugger fashion. Daylight investigation is the traditional British way.

Plucky Waitress.

There is a heroine on the staff of the Fleece Hotel, Kendal. When eight of the waitresses were overcome by gas escaping from the kitchen, this plucky girl made a desperate effort to reach the first-aid box, and just managed to throw it to the others before she collapsed. Fortunately the girls all recovered, but this gallant act of succour was only just in time.

Missing By-law.

Every urban district ought to have a by-law forbidding the driving of cattle through the streets except in the early hours of the morning. It was only by a miracle that the young bullock which ran amok at Beckenham the other day, charging a 'bus in full career, did not kill anyone. Such risks ought not to be run.

One Bully Shut Up.

John William Fairclough, a thief, bully and sponger, made the mistake of his life when he wrote threatening to kill Mr. Harry Day, M.P., a piece of correspondence which is costing him three years in prison. For a year Fairclough has been sponging on generous actors and actresses, and we are glad that Mr. Day has been the means of shutting this pest up for a bit.

A Pearly Mystery.

Before deciding to prosecute William Giles, a West End jeweller, for fraud in the sale of pearls, the police should have made sure of their ground. It is grossly unfair that a respectable tradesman should be put to the heavy expense of preparing his legal defence only to find that the prosecution are unable or unwilling to face judge and jury.

The Slippery Slope.

"Bradford is on a slippery downward slope," its medical officer of health has not hesitated to say, because "its shortage of houses is leading many to a lower moral standard, and to drunkenness and crime." Now that Dr. J. J. Buchan has spoken so plainly the city's fathers must lift their heads from the sands in which they have hidden them and face the facts.

Stubborn Strikers.

The cement workers at Shepreth, Cambridgeshire, who have been on strike for forty weeks because of their employers stubborn refusal to adopt the standard wages laid down by the Whitley Council, are taking steps to lay their case before the Ministry of Labour. The whole history of the dispute is a public scandal. These minimum wage awards should be compulsory.

"Then There Were None."

A mother of five, with but one remaining to her, tearfully pleaded for her ewe lamb at Kingston the other day. Three full-grown magistrates sat upon the Bench in judgment. George Robinson had already been bound over to report himself weekly to the probation officer, and this was the first time he had shirked. It was decided to send him to a remand home for a medical examination. Why? If there were just cause to doubt the boy's sanity it should have been discovered on his former appearance. To play the truant, even from a probation officer, is no sign of mental instability.

A Gallant Woman.

In a row at Woolwich, when young Herbert Sustins, a shoemaker, tripped and kicked P.C. Betts, Mrs. Ellen Ayers tore the officer's whistle from its chain, and, despite the fact of the cowardly Sustins striking her in the mouth, ran to the police-station blowing the whistle. That she was publicly thanked by the magistrate, who sentenced Sustins to four months' hard labour, is only her due.

The Church's Shame.

Sad it is, but true, that some of the clergy could ill afford a Christmas table for their families because of religious sweating and the too large "vicarages" many of them have to keep up on slender stipends. The protest Sir Edwin Stockton made at Timperley was warranted and opportune. Once more we invite the Church to practise Christianity and put its own house in order.

The Deadly Poppy.

The League of Nations is sending a special commission to Persia to advise the Government of that country as to what crops can be substituted for the opium poppy which is being grown to excess. This effort to attack the drug evil at its source deserves the loyal support of Great Britain who in British India has her own contribution still to make to the solution of this problem.

A Hero in Blue.

We are glad to see that the authorities of North-allerton have shown their appreciation of Police-constable Teasdale, who groped in a disused quarry for two days, despite foul air and the risk of being buried alive, to recover two bodies. It was a terrible task, but Teasdale accomplished it. He has been given a clock, but he doesn't need it to tell him when it's time to do his duty and a bit more.

The Human Machine

Self and Others

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

EVERY power that lies latent in the human machine will increase by use. Every power we possess will decay if it is neglected. Nothing rusts so quickly as mental machinery that is not used.

"Labour," said a great statesman, "is the divine law of our existence; repose is desertion and suicide."

Perfectly true! The most miserable men in the world are those whose wealth renders them almost compulsorily idle. The man who "reposes"—in the sense of idling away his time doing nothing—is sliding to mental and moral suicide as fast as he can go.

Far too few people realise, however, that each human machine is a unit in a great whole—the State. They bring themselves to the highest point of efficiency, and use this efficiency for selfish ends.

They work hard, they labour cheerfully—but they do it for themselves alone. Their interest is Self, first, last and all the time.

OFFICE-SEEKING jobbery, wire-pulling and every form of mental and moral trickery are the results of this misuse of the powers men work so hard to develop.

"Labour is the *divine* law of our existence"—so many people forget that "divine," forget that it implies working together for the common good.

There is never anything lost by striving to help others, nothing forfeited by developing a civic sense and a wider vision.

For he who works for others cannot help benefiting himself in the process.

*** *Many of Mr. Thompson's previous articles are now reprinted in book form under the title of "The Human Machine." (2s. 6d. Mills and Boon).*

Death Preferred.

"My feet are sore from tramping about looking for work," William Parry, of Ashton, told his wife, when he returned to his home. What an answer is this to those who callously say that men who are out of jobs don't want work. A sad one, too, seeing that Parry, beaten by industrial conditions and broken-hearted, closed his life because he saw no hope. Conditions that lead men to prefer death to life must be remedied.

No Christmas Beer.

The Swansea Board of Guardians decided by 18 votes to 14 that there should be no issue of beer on Christmas Day to the inmates of Tawe Lodge workhouse. Even the proposal that the allowance should be restricted to one glass per head was rejected, one guardian stating that the first glass "had been the ruination of many men and women." Another of the guardians remarked that "a moderate person was a dangerous person." It is a great pity that the motion should have been carried by such foolish arguments.

The "Perfect English Gentleman."

James Snow, forty-six, a warehouse packer, was knocked down by a Royal Mail van in the City. "My fault—I didn't see it. The driver is not to blame," he gasped ere he passed to the Beyond. "The very gallant act of a perfect English gentleman," was the comment of the solicitor at the inquest. Though we sympathise with the relatives, we should be honoured to claim kindred with one so brave.

Stiggins was a Welshman.

The Evangelical Council and the South Carmarthenshire Calvanistic Methodists are petitioning the licensing authorities to close all halls let for dancing not later than 10 p.m. They are fearful for "the moral and spiritual welfare of the young," forsooth. Are the streets, then, safer for youth than a well-lighted, well-conducted dancing-hall?

Brave Firemen.

Fighting the flames at Pier Avenue, Clacton-on-Sea, firemen were hampered by the presence of an electric cable which at a blow from a pick-axe fused and blazed. Several men were precipitated into the cellar, while one had his head caught between the joists of the roof, and was saved from death by his helmet. Still they fought on, not a man dismayed. No comment can add to the lustre of such gallant deeds.

The Elusive Peter.

The police are searching for the "perfect butler," Peter Gallagher, who is prime minister of the cult which accepts situations in order to rob employers. Scotland Yard wants Peter for a theft from the house of General Spiers, ex-M.P., and vanished pearls from the flat of Mrs. Alastair Campbell in Eaton Square. It would seem in these days that those whose servants are their own ten fingers are both the safest and luckiest. There are a lot of Peters about.

Circumstances (Should) Alter Cases.

Mrs. Marie Ralph, of Lockwood Road, Huddersfield, has had a Christmas present from her soldier son in India. After much self-denial and saving he sent a replica of his regimental colours worked in silk, which brought the Customs authorities down upon his mother. She had to pay £1 7s. 11d. before her present was released. The Government must return this shameful inquisition. Presents sent from men serving abroad were never meant to be taxed.

"No Complaint."

Harken to the proud record of Mr. W. Rhodes, a humble coal-miner of Bulwell, Nottingham. For sixty-five out of his seventy-three years he has laboured underground, fifty-seven of which were spent in the service of the same pit. For thirty-six years he went down with the first cage-load, and he is still merrily carrying on. A fall of coal made him a hunchback for life, and he has been in many other accidents, yet he contends he has had no mishap worth complaining about. A pattern for us all. Hats off, gentlemen!

Fatal Delay.

Not until four hours after a leaking gas main at Padiham had been reported to the authorities did their workmen put in an appearance. Without remedying the defect they left off work, proposing to deal with it next morning. By that time, however, the poisonous gas had done its work, and three sisters sleeping in a room close by were dead. Had a little more expedition been shown in dealing with the leakage the three poor girls might not have lost their lives.

No Room for the Living.

"If the child lives take a week's notice, if it dies you can stop on," said a Brighton landlady to Charles William Price, a county court bailiff, when she heard his wife was expecting a baby. The mite died, but the distracted father embezzled £4 in his struggles to provide for his wife. Price has twenty years' Army service to his credit. No enemy of his country would have been as savage as his landlady. Price is bound over; his landlady wants throwing out.

A Low-down Scoundrel.

With a story that he was able to provide people who bought passage tickets from him with excellent situations in Canada, a rascal named Walter Weatherup has exploited Liverpool and the North Wales area. One man, believing the yarn, actually sold up his home to raise the necessary money, not knowing that the tickets Weatherup was hawking had been stolen at Bristol. The present address of Weatherup is Kirkdale jail, where he has a three months' job.

Not so Sudden.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sophia Harrison, sister of a prominent Government official, brought up at Clerkenwell on a charge of shoplifting, was fined £5 with £5 costs. Her plea of "sudden temptation" didn't wash, seeing she was dressed for thieving with slits in her skirt and capacious loose pockets. Sir Travers Humphreys, defending, stated that some persons of "highest character" picked up unconsidered trifles. There's a different tune sung when the culprit is friendless and poor.

The G.P.O.'s Mistake.

Part-time employees of the London Telephone Service have just had their unemployment and health insurance cards returned to them as the authorities have discovered that they are not entitled to participate in either of these benefits. Some of these men have been paying their contributions of 1s. 2d. a week for some time past out of their scanty remuneration of 15s. or 18s. They are surely entitled to a refund, and it is up to the London Telephone Service to rectify their mistake.

To-day's Romance.

Thirty years ago Mr. R. P. Woodhouse, of Preston, was boating with his daughter off Portsmouth when the craft capsised and both would have been drowned but for the terrific battle with the waves put up by Mr. Traill, of Portrush, Co. Antrim. He is a civil engineer. He harnessed the waters of the River Bush, became pioneer of hydro-electric traction, from which sprang the gigantic works at Niagara and Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. But these great works did not make him forget the girl he rescued. He has married her this Christmas. Love is the greatest power yet in the world.

Unjust Justice.

We cannot understand the mentality of Bailie Logan, of Falkirk, before whom a Grangemouth craneman was charged with assaulting a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl. The man, it was stated, knocked the child down and tried to stuff a handkerchief into her mouth, and but for the arrival of another girl a more serious crime would have been committed. Bailie Logan, after admitting that the offence was getting a common one, let him off with a paltry £2 fine and fourteen days in which to pay it! It is time that more stringent punishments were insisted on in cases of this kind.

Two on a Page.

A Windsor reader who lost £250 in S. Hardy's nursery scheme, and who was almost persuaded to invest £1,000 in the Templars' Club, picked up a copy of JOHN BULL and was astonished to find both concerns exposed on the same page! He has now written to thank us for bringing them to the public notice. We are sorry that he came upon our warning regarding Hardy after he had parted with his £250, but we admire his consideration for others.

Costly Tenements.

The weekly rents of three and four room tenements in Hortensia House, Hortensia Road, Chelsea, range from £1 4s. 9d. to £1 13s. 10d. in summer and from £1 5s. 9d. to £1 14s. 10d. in winter! Winter, by the way, is calculated by the metropolitan borough of Chelsea as occupying six months of the year. Tenants also have to conform to sixteen "conditions of occupation," and to sixteen "general rules." The working man in Chelsea has our sympathy.

A Fast-Growing List.

The list of moneylenders of the fee-snatching type is ever growing. Two latest additions are Geo. Cowper, 28, York Road, Northampton, and R. Roche, "Rossmore," Cecil Avenue, Bournemouth. The former styles himself as a "House Agent, etc.," but he is ready to advance money, or to consider making an advance, on payment of £1 1s. investigation fee. The latter mentions rent-collecting and insurance as forming part of his business, but he, too, is willing to consider making a loan, on payment of a fee. Be cautious!

All for Half-a-crown.

When he advertised for spare-time employment, a Normanton reader received a letter from a gentleman named Mr. Bert Wilson, of Launder Terrace, Grantham, who very kindly offered to show him how to earn from £10 to £20 a week. It must not be thought that Mr. Wilson was giving this valuable information away free. He desired a fee of 2s. 6d. He was sorry not to be able to make a lower offer, but it was necessary to charge this price for "protection against curiosity seekers." Bert Wilson is a bit of a curiosity himself. He knows how to "establish a sound, growing business without capital or experience," yet he chooses to leave that to others whilst he is content to dispose of the golden secret for a modest half-crown.

Doc Wright is Right.

Ventilating the complaint of a reader in a recent issue, we stated that Doc Wright, who advertises for representatives to sell his Herbal Beans, had accepted the cash from would-be agents but had not sent the beans. We now learn that the goods had in fact been delivered without undue delay, and in justice to Doc Wright we withdraw our comments, at the same time expressing our regret that they should have appeared. In fact, Doc Wright *is* right.

A Shady Side-line.

Elmer E. Knowles, the humbug hypnotist of the National Institute of Sciences, 18, Rue de Londres, Brussels, has started a concern known as the "Psychology Foundation," and from the same address is sending out circulars to certain English papers stating that he is able to supply "most excellent articles on all matters relating to Psychology and the Mental Sciences." These articles, it is pointed out, would be written by Professor Knowles himself or by the trained writers on his staff, and would be supplied at a merely nominal charge. We trust that British editors will not encourage the professor by permitting him to seek publicity in their columns.

"JOHN BULL'S" XMAS GIFT TO YOU.
CLOSING DATE DEC. 31.
Don't be Too Late!

Problems of Life

Looking on at Suffering

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

WE have all read lately of an American doctor who killed his invalid and imbecile daughter because he could no longer endure the spectacle of her unhappy state.

A man wrote to me some years ago telling me that the hardest experience of his life was being compelled to witness the sufferings of his father from cancer during a protracted illness. He said it was torture to him to have to stand by helpless while a person he loved so dearly, and to whom he owed almost everything in life, was being racked with physical pain day by day.

The Very Rev. Dean Inge

He would willingly have taken his father's place had that been possible. It would have been easier to bear the agony himself than to remain unable to minister relief to the sufferer—a significant confession that throws light on the whole mysterious subject.

I ought to add that the man whose testimony this is really wanted to say that as he grew older he began to see some glimmerings of a deeper and kinder meaning in the sterner facts of life. He learned that suffering is never quite what it seems to a looker-on.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, wrote: "What we suffer ourselves has no longer the same air of monstrous injustice and wanton cruelty that suffering wears when we see it in the case of others."

Commenting upon this opinion, Dean Inge says: "I think we can generally see some reason in our own troubles, not perhaps when they first fall upon us, but in retrospect; it is the apparent injustice and irrationality of Fate in its dealings with others which sometimes oppresses us."

Looking back on my own life I can unreservedly confirm this view. I am not prepared to say that pain, whether physical or mental, is a good thing. It is not. If I had the power to banish it from the earth with a word, that word would speedily be spoken. But I do see plainly that, human nature being what it is, we owe a great deal to the fact that we can suffer.

I SHOULD like to get rid of the suffering, but I don't want to go without the fine things that suffering makes possible, such as sympathy, heroism, self-sacrifice, tenderness, care of the strong for the weak.

Let any man look into his own heart and say whether, taking life on the whole, he does not feel that he is the better for what he himself has had to bear of the sharp strokes of Fate, or at least that his character needed them, whether he has learned his lesson or not.

If, as we thus perceive, suffering sometimes results in good, the inference is a reasonable one that it may always be so.

THE KNAVE OF CLUBS

HOW HEWITT GOES THROUGH IT

A Widow's Desperate Plight

GORDON FLETCHER HEWITT, at present residing in the vicinity of Ealing Broadway, has been dubbed the "King of Clubs." He makes a speciality of launching these social club resorts, and we confess to have lost count of the number with which he has been associated during the last few years.

On the face of things there is nothing about the Hewitt establishments to attract the attention of the police. They must enquire elsewhere before they will find anything that interests them.

Hewitt's policy appears to be the not original one of conducting his business on money invested by employees. From enquiries we have made it is clear that during the past year Hewitt has entrusted a West End business transfer agency with the task of obtaining for him men and women who were prepared to invest money in return for remunerative posts in one or another of his club ventures.

Man of substance

Some months ago, an advertisement appeared in a morning paper for a club steward and club barman, who would be required to invest £250 and £100 respectively. One man who wrote concerning the former position, received a reply from the agency referred to, and went to see them.

They in turn introduced him to Hewitt, who, at that time was running a club in the Fleet Street neighbourhood. The new venture for which he required staff and capital was the West Lodge Club, Ealing Green.

A visit was paid by the proposed investor to the premises, Hewitt stating that he was the freeholder, that he was on the point of letting two studios for film purposes at £30 a week, and that there was a great future for the West Lodge Club.

The £250 was deposited, and the investor was duly appointed steward at £4 a week. It did not take him many weeks to discover that the prospects of the club becoming a profitable concern were dismal.

He gave notice to terminate his contract, and to have his money returned, but he was unsuccessful in obtaining more than a few pounds in salary from the King of Clubs.

A cruel case

He was not the only victim. Of the numerous stewards, barmen and other club employees who have invested their savings in Hewitt's ventures, only one, to our knowledge, has persuaded Hewitt to return a substantial part of his deposit.

He had the sense to put the matter in the hands of our Free Advice Service, and Hewitt paid back £80.

The most cruel case of all was that of a Stoke Newington widow with two young children, who was introduced to Hewitt and, being impressed by his alluring promises, handed over to him her savings, which amounted to £100, in return for a position as manageress in a West End club of which he was then proprietor, but which has since changed hands.

Her wages were paid spasmodically, and on the Friday before August Bank holiday there was £12 owing to her.

She pleaded with Hewitt to pay her something to buy food for the kiddies over the holiday. He parted with a cheque, payable to himself, for £20, telling her to deduct her wages from it and repay the balance.

She cashed the cheque with her milkman, and repaid Hewitt the £8. But payment of the cheque was stopped and the tradesman naturally held her liable.

It seems astonishing that Hewitt should be permitted to register new clubs, such as the West Lodge, when previous adventures have ended unfortunately for the employee-investors.

Whether in connection with mushroom clubs or with any other ventures of doubtful solvency, the system of investment by employees is fraught with danger.

Almost invariably the class to whom the offer is made are least able to bear any kind of financial loss.

As a rule the money they pay over represents their all. If a crash comes they are ruined.

Newspapers which print advertisements before satisfying themselves that the advertiser is a man of substance and that the money he asks is a bona-fide deposit as guarantee of good faith, are gravely at fault.

A widow's ruin

The sequel of Hewitt's advertisement has been the ruin of the Stoke Newington widow and the others, who have lost their last copper in his rickety ventures.

We set out by calling Hewitt a "King" of Clubs. Until he can provide us with more evidence than is in our possession that his career has been honest, if misguided, we shall be forced to call him the Knave.

Seven-and-Sixpenny Sleuths

Mystery of the Missing Chimney Stacks

YOU may be under the impression that to become a successful Sherlock Holmes requires not only considerable natural powers of inference and deduction, but an arduous and hard-bought experience. If so, my dear Watson, you are wrong as usual.

It can all be done on seven-and-sixpence. So at least we are assured by the Home and Overseas Detective System, of Premier Chambers, 12, Downing Street, Manchester.

For this modest sum, the H.O.D.S. are prepared to let you loose on a crime-infested community," equipped with a perfect knowledge of important points which will render you great assistance in an ambitious career."

* * *

Private detectives "earn big money," they add, and although we cannot all be famous, "we have the opportunity of trying." And it is not even necessary to pay the seven-and-sixpence.

What about trying our 'prentice noses on the Home and Overseas Detective System? It will be discovered that the principal is a certain Elsie Barker.

* * *

Having hit the trail, we shall find that the same Elsie is the figurehead in the Home and Overseas System of Successful Advertising Money Making Plans, also of Premier Chambers, which is available for four shillings.

The H. & O. System of S.A.M.M.P. elucidates that baffling mystery—"Why are the hen eggs in such demand more so than duck eggs?" Because, says this precious system, "When a hen lays it advertises the fact."

Here we come upon another clue. Elsie is advertising that the way to make money "easily, honourably, and quickly" is via the Poynton Mills (principal E. Barker), Cornhill, Poynton, Cheshire. The fee this time is two shillings.

In a trice we are on our way to Poynton, Cheshire. We study an illustration on the circular of a large mill, with no fewer than seven chimney-stacks. It may be assumed that the Poynton Mills manufacture the goods which E. Barker advises clients to retail.

At Poynton we find the "Poynton Mills" is a small hut perched on an ash heap and having but one stove pipe through the roof. It is guarded by a black retriever dog.

* * *

Back to Manchester, we establish the fact that the dog responds as readily to the call of a certain Wallace Purdie as to Elsie Barker. Now Wallace Purdie is a notorious fee-snatcher specialising in "marine employment," as our readers already know.

You assume that the H.O.D.S., the H.O.S.S.A.M.M.P. and the "Poynton Mills" are also fee-snatching concerns? Elementary, my dear Watson!

Injured Innocence

Perry and Son's Impertinence

HAROLD PERRY and his son Harold Thomas Perry, of Anlaby Road, Teddington, have cropped up again. Not so very long ago we criticised their ventures known as the National Bonus Company and the Imperial Bonus Company.

The object of these concerns was to increase the trade of small shopkeepers, but the Perrys appeared to be the only people who benefited by the schemes, which fizzled out in a most unsatisfactory manner.

Now they have figured at Feltham Police Court on a charge of selling lottery-tickets. The younger Perry had been found selling an envelope in the street, and on being approached by a policeman he gave up ninety-three envelopes which he had in his possession.

Innocent pair

These envelopes were found to contain slips on which were typed and stamped the names of football teams playing on the following Saturday, and also naps on horse-racing.

The policeman called upon the elder Perry, who turned out to be a partner in the scheme. With amazing impudence, father and son pleaded that they had acted in pure ignorance and said that they would discontinue the business if it was against the law.

In court, Harold Thomas Perry stated that he thought the naps were worth the 3d. charged for them, quite apart from the football slip, and he had no idea that the sale of them was illegal.

Perry senior still maintained that, when he typed and stamped the slips, he had no idea that he was doing anything that was verging on a lottery. He denied that it was a money-making concern so far as he and his son were concerned.

However, in spite of their repeated denials and feigned air of injured innocence, father and son were each fined 40s.

A humbler scheme

This selling of football coupons is a much less pretentious form of money-making than their bogus bonus schemes, but it is just as well that it has been nipped in the bud.

Meanwhile, victims of those larger swindles should be glad to know that the Perrys are back in the neighbourhood once more, for when disappointed people wrote in connection with the National Bonus Company they were informed that the head office of the concern had been removed to Bristol.

It is interesting to note that Perry senior once called in at our office in respect to a paragraph that had roused his ire. He threatened to take action against us, and was promptly told to get on with it.

So far nothing has happened—presumably he has been too busy typing out football slips and sporting winners.

Fortunes for All!

A Man who Takes No Risks

A HIGH place in the list of home money-making mongers must be granted to A. E. Dean, of Durham Road, Sheffield. He certainly has a number of infallible schemes for making money—for himself.

His methods are very similar to those employed by other enterprising gentlemen of the same class, whose activities we have constantly criticised.

He begins by inserting an advertisement stating that £2 weekly may be earned by homework, and to all who reply he sends circulars calling for a fee of 2s., for which he undertakes to supply "full copyright instructions" of a "genuine money-making proposition."

Those who send the 2s. receive a 20-page booklet entitled "How to Earn Money at Home," which is simply a collection of the most ridiculous schemes imaginable.

A number of "valuable prescriptions" for hair restorer, face cream, dentifrice, etc., are given, and clients are told that they can make good money by retailing these formulas, or by making them up and selling the actual preparations.

Child pedlars

Another scheme is "selling postcards," and Mr. Dean also assures his clients that there is "lots of money in fortune-telling charts." These charts he is able to supply at 3s. a dozen or 10s. 6d. for fifty. "Boys and girls will find this a good article to sell after school," says Mr. Dean.

But this does not exhaust this ingenious gentleman's resources. He can also supply "Piano-Vamping Charts at 9d. a time," or a varied assortment of booklets such as "520 Secrets of Wealth," "Selected Opportunities," "Mail Order Ideas," "Key to Success," and "Scherl's System of Beauty Culture."

Clients are advised to advertise these works for sale in daily and weekly newspapers, and Mr. Dean assures them that "good results" are sure to be obtained. We can imagine that the results will certainly be good for Mr. Dean.

It is remarkable that some of these books have titles identical with those offered by various concerns doing business in America, and the general inference would seem to be that the whole scheme originated on the other side of the Atlantic.

One-sided profit

Mr. Dean is quite truthful when he says that his money-making propositions are good and that there is not "the slightest element of risk." They are good—for Mr. Dean, and there is certainly no element of risk for him!

He makes his profit by supplying the goods to the poor people who have to pay the entire cost of advertising and take their chance as to whether they are able to dispose of them or not.

Whilst there is no doubt that Mr. Dean is conducting a very prosperous campaign, we cannot believe that anyone has ever profited to any great extent by his advice.

A £40,000 SPOOF

ARTFUL ALBERT ARTHUR AGAIN!

A Fairy "Giant" Tale

AMONG the captains of catastrophic finance who have in late years found an easy field in the national demand for houses none has gained a more unenviable notoriety than Albert Arthur Holroyd.

Others, careless in their observation of the company laws, may have obtained wider publicity at the hands of the police, but the palm remains with Albert Arthur.

Some of the details of his collapsible building schemes, the Incorporated Omnium Trust Corporation, Site-finders, Ltd., British Properties, Ltd., and, finally, the Holwin Building and Construction Co., Ltd., are already known to our readers. There are others which throw even more interesting sidelights on this extraordinary person.

Exploiting famous names

Holroyd did not stop at fooling and bleeding the poor dupes who invested capital in small amounts in his schemes. Some famous people have as good reason to regret his advent as a company promoter.

Take the case of Lieutenant General Sir Hubert de la Poer Gough G.C.M.G. K.C.B., Sir Hubert's name, together with those of several other men of distinction, appeared on the list of directors of the Holwin Building and Construction Co., Ltd.

It ought never to have been there. In the first place, a necessary qualification for the position of director on any board is the possession of some shares in the company.

Now Sir Hubert did not hold these shares, and to advertise him as a director, thereby conveying the impression that the weight of his influence was behind the Holwin Company, is grossly if not criminally misleading.

Since several other gentlemen whose names appeared as directors are in the same position, this point alone merits the serious attention of the authorities.

General Gough, in fact, tells us that he never met Holroyd, and that he had never even heard of him until he read the last article in JOHN BULL. His explanation is that he was approached by another gentleman with a view to ascertaining whether he was prepared to interest himself in a company for dealing with a process of concrete construction, but that he turned down the idea.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister M.P. President of the Board of Trade, who ought to tighten up the Company Laws

We sympathise with General Gough. He has every reason to be indignant that his reputation as a soldier and a gentleman should be misused for the purpose of furthering Holroyd's rotten schemes.

But what is to be said of the *Leicester Mail*, a newspaper of high repute, which lent its authority to the plausible Albert Arthur?

Too good to be true

It announced in big type the purchase by the Holwin Company of the royal show-ground site for building purposes, and that a start on the building of 8,000 houses would be made immediately.

"It looks," said the *Mail*, "like the offer of a giant fairy come from another world to do for Earth what Earth has forgotten how to do for itself. In other words, in view of the snail's pace at which Municipal housing has been done, the offer looks too good to be realisable."

The "giant fairy"—Albert Arthur, to wit—had, indeed, paid a cheque for £41,223 on the spot to the owner of the ground. But the cheque proved to be a "giant fairy tale," for it was returned dishonoured.

"We know nothing of the details of the scheme," the *Leicester Mail* added, "or of the company which makes the offer, but it is too big to be ignored."

In the end, it was thought fit to refer to the Holwin Building and Construction Co., Ltd., in the cold phraseology of "a certain building company." The advice was given to the houseless to "stick to their money so far as this particular scheme" was concerned.

Where is the cash?

Had this critical attitude been adopted earlier, nearly a thousand Leicester people would have been saved from parting with deposits on the fairy houses. These deposits have, of course, never been returned.

An extraordinary feature of the Holroyd ramp is the disappearance of the money collected. Although the Holwin Company has gone into liquidation with unsecured liabilities of £14,703, a deficiency in respect of the shareholders of £74,860, and no assets at all, Holroyd's wife and three children have been in receipt of parish relief since October, 1924.

It is disgraceful if a man who has caused such widespread loss to the public, and has, at the same time, made his dependents a public charge, is not brought to book. The authorities must act.

Slaughter-house Cruelty

The Lesson of Letchworth

JOHN BULL has always deplored any form of systematic cruelty to animals, and it is a long time since we first asked for a better slaughter-house system than that which allows animals to be killed in full view of each other.

We are glad to see that at last something is likely to be done, and that a creditable example has been set by the Animal Defence Society, which is now building a model abattoir at Letchworth, Herts.

The buildings of this new establishment will be incomparably better than any others now in existence.

* * *

The humane killer will be made compulsory, and conditions generally will be far more hygienic than those prevailing in the average abattoir. The equipment will be most complete, and there are to be changing rooms, bathrooms and messrooms for the staff.

A lecture theatre, where young butchers can receive up-to-date instruction, will form an important addition to this model establishment.

* * *

The Animal Defence Society is to be heartily congratulated on taking this lead, and we wish its venture every success.

But whilst taking pleasure in these promised future improvements, we must not blind ourselves to the present shocking state of affairs.

Examples of the most wanton and sickening cruelty to dumb animals are constantly being brought to our notice, and though the details are often too revolting to repeat, we feel that it is only by publicity that amendments may be achieved.

The following is a sample of what may happen in our private slaughter-houses.

Two butchers, Thomas Sellen and Sidney Scott, recently appeared at Folkestone on a charge of slaughtering a calf contrary to the by-laws.

Evidence was given by a sanitary inspector to the effect that he saw Scott tie a rope round a calf's hind legs and hoist it up in the air, whilst Sellen took hold of the forelegs.

Scott then cut the calf's neck all round with his knife, and, taking hold of its ears, twisted its neck.

After some time the vertebræ was broken and the head was pulled off. The medical officer for Folkestone stated that the animal must have been caused considerable unnecessary pain, and Sellen was fined £3, whilst Scott escaped with a fine of £1.

* * *

The practice of such fiendish cruelty must be stopped, and we are aghast that the perpetrators in this particular case should have escaped with such light penalties.

SWINDLED BY THE STATE

VICTIMS SHAMEFULLY TREATED

Treasury's Ill-Gotten Profit

"PEACE on earth, goodwill towards men." How meaningless and hollow these time-honoured words must sound to the army of wretched people who, up and down the country, are sick to death of appealing to Government departments on the question of their claims for compensation for injuries sustained in the Great War.

The claimants to whom we refer are civilians who were injured, whose relatives were killed, and whose homes were blighted, and in some cases completely devastated, by the air raids and warship bombardments which took place over Britain.

It is one of the greatest scandals of our time that the State continues, year in and year out, to treat this matter as though it were something of no account. Take a few cases to show what a grim tragedy it really is.

In one of the worst air raids on London a bomb dropped and caused terrible damage to the house of a poor man at Islington. Every stick of furniture was soon a charred ruin.

Victims' terrible plight

The man put in a claim for £150—an amount which he considered just about covered the loss of four rooms of furniture, and compensation for the severe injuries of his wife. After two years of waiting, he received the trivial sum of £13, since when he has had nothing further.

A Yorkshire claimant, who was injured in 1915, has ever since attended the local hospital for treatment. A newsagent by trade, he finds it very difficult to get about during the winter, delivering his papers. His injuries are permanent.

Eventually, after wearying delays and callous indifference on the part of the authorities, he managed to get £50, since when he has received nothing further. His doctor's bill before he became a hospital patient, came to £20, which left him with the magnificent sum of £30 as reparation for his dreadful sufferings.

There are many worse cases. Hundreds of poor air-raid victims, maimed for life, or terribly incapacitated, have received nothing at all!

Union is strength

So serious, indeed, has the position now become that in various parts of the country claimants are banding themselves together into small associations, in order, as a last resource, that some kind of joint appeal can be made to the Government.

One association has already collected some hundreds of cases, ranging from a few pounds to over £300,000, where nothing whatever has been paid.

A few days ago, at a meeting of the London County Council, a debate arose on a memorial addressed to the Prime Minister beseeching his aid on this grave question. The memorialists prayed for a House of Commons Committee to enquire and report upon the demands that compensation for civilian damages should be a prior charge on reparations received from Germany.

Mr. C. A. G. Manning, a Camberwell councillor, stated that hundreds of municipal corporations had endorsed the memorial, and said it was expected that over half the Members of Parliament would be prepared to back the memorialists.

An enormous amount of damage was done in North Camberwell alone by air raids, and he had not yet found one single case where, in his judgment, adequate compensation had been received for either damage to property or personal injuries.

Another councillor, Mr. J. D. Gilbert, also made some moving remarks on the subject. He pointed out that during the war period, in London alone, 567 explosive bombs and 355 incendiary bombs were dropped, and 524 persons killed and 1,264 injured, in addition to the damage done to property.

Mr. Gilbert quoted the case of a man who received injuries resulting in total paralysis, for which he received the paltry sum of £6, and was then actually asked for a receipt *in full settlement of his claim!*

Another man had three sons killed, had his own right hand blown off, had his housekeeper injured, and his house and furniture destroyed—and for all this suffering and torture has not received one penny from the Government by way of compensation.

JOHN BULL, with all the force at its command, emphatically endorses the demands made in the memorial to which we have referred, urging the appointment of a committee of the House of Commons to enquire into the claims of the men and women who are seeking in vain for the reparations to which they were long ago entitled.

Profit from suffering

We demand of the Prime Minister that he grants the enquiry asked for. One of the first things it should do is to find out what has happened to the money paid into an insurance scheme set up by the Government to cover damage of this sort.

The sum of £14,086,000 was paid into this scheme, and out of this gigantic sum only £3,000,000 has been paid out, leaving a profit of over £11,000,000 for the Treasury!

Surely the Treasury does not mean to acquire such a vast profit, and acquire it in full knowledge of the fact that the sufferings of so many hundreds of maimed men and women have been dishonoured and ignored.

The Dilly-Dally Council

Bradford Ratepayers Robbed

THE grave scandal which has arisen in Bradford over the resignation of Alderman Trotter, who for over twenty-seven years had been chairman of the Baths Committee, calls for publicity.

Officials and employees recently came forward with certain very serious allegations respecting the department's management under Alderman Trotter's chairmanship. It was stated that the grossest irregularities and misuse of public money had been going on for a number of years.

* * *

It was even suggested that the chairman had been guilty of painting and decorating his home and of renovating his gardens out of the Baths Committee funds; that he had borrowed large sums of Corporation moneys without any intention of repayment; and that he had been misusing his public office in various ways for his own personal ends.

One would have thought that such damning charges would have led the Bradford City Council to take action in the matter, but actually little has been done beyond the setting up of a sub-committee of enquiry.

* * *

It is true that the matter was discussed at a recent meeting, but no further action was taken.

The question as to when the irregularities were first discovered was raised, and it transpired that the new chairman had reported unfavourably almost immediately after taking up his duties last October!

Apparently the council's excuse is that the sub-committee has not yet completed its report. This delay may be due to the fact that, apart from investigating the past maladministration, it has also to consider the question of reorganisation.

But while they are dilly-dallying in this way, Bradford ratepayers are clamouring for action to be taken, and wondering whether any restitution is to be made to them.

If funds have been misapplied, and it has been admitted that they have, then those responsible should be brought to justice immediately without any beating about the bush.

Ratepayers' money has been lost, and whether this is due to the action of a prominent official or a common clerk the result is the same.

* * *

In our opinion, the matter is far too serious to be whitewashed over, and hardly one with which a sub-committee can deal adequately.

The fact that public funds are involved calls for a full and public enquiry into the entire question.

Rival Goddesses

Mascots for the Million

SOMETHING really must be done about the chronic overcrowding of the professions. Why, even respectable goddesses cannot claim a monopoly in these days, for they have to fight against the most exasperating competition.

Let us examine the case of "Belé," the Indian Goddess of Good Fortune. This good lady started her career very humbly. She was, in fact, picked up in an Indian desert by M. Lionel Z. Lawrence, a gentleman who had carried on business in India for some years with very poor results.

But from the moment that he acquired this little metal talisman, the luck of Lionel Z. Lawrence changed. Everything went well with him, and within fifteen months he became a wealthy man. He sold his business and returned to England. On arrival here he was very distressed to find general conditions were so bad.

The luck-bringer

Lionel determined, therefore, to send out replicas of his mascot in the hope that "Belé" would bring the same good fortune to others as she had brought to him.

So, if your luck is out, you are invited to send 7½d. to Hindoo Mascots.

But don't be in too big a hurry. This luck business isn't a thing to rush into without thinking. You naturally want to do the best for yourself, and we have mentioned that there is no monopoly in the goddess profession.

What about considering the merits of "Tu-Ta," the Egyptian Goddess of Good Fortune? We must be fair and state that she has equal claims, for she, too, was picked from the sands of the desert. Aska Bey, an Egyptian merchant, was the lucky finder, and he rescued her from the sands of the Sahara.

He was poor and his health was bad, but "Tu-Ta" changed all that. Everything he touched turned to gold. On his death he handed this wonderful mascot to his servant Keiver, who in his turn amassed a stupendous fortune. His fortune was so great that he had to come to England and peddle copies of the mascot at 6d. a time!

Mass production mascots

The mascot business has now prospered so much that "Tu-Ta" is being exclusively handled by Egyptian Mystic Talismans, who also make an oxidised silvered replica for 1s.

So you can take your choice, and entrust your destiny to India or Egypt according to your fancy.

But perhaps you have already been solicited on behalf of other goddesses, for we have no doubt that the resources of the world's deserts have not been exhausted any more than the inventive power of certain gentry.

A Bland Baronet

The Booze King's Bluff

THAT remarkable gentleman, Lieut.-Col. Sir Broderick Hartwell, the Booze King, has been figuring in the news once again. For some years he has been participating in various doubtful enterprises which have afforded him a wealth of publicity if nothing else.

He will be remembered as being behind the famous rum-running scheme which was to make huge fortunes for its subscribers.

Five thousand cases of whisky were to be shipped across the Atlantic and unloaded twenty miles from the American coast. Sir Broderick made it all sound very plausible, and succeeded in obtaining considerable financial support.

For a while his smuggling operations were successful, but when his seventh cargo fell into the hands of the Prohibition authorities the financial position became strained.

Smuggling to share-peddling

The loss of the cargo led to a quarrel between the baronet and the bootlegger who had been instrumental in getting previous cargoes through, and the entire scheme was dropped.

Sir Broderick next came into the public eye through a little matter of share-peddling. He invited people to purchase large blocks of shares in New Prince's (1924), Ltd., the company formed to revive the fortunes of Prince's Restaurant in Piccadilly.

He did not state how he had acquired these shares or how he came to be dealing with them, but directors of the company declared most emphatically that the offer of the shares was quite unauthorised.

Nothing daunted, the baronet blossomed forth with the Bahamas Trust Co., Ltd., but disaster overtook this concern too, and much money was lost in spite of all the confident assurances made by Sir Broderick when inviting the public to invest their money with him.

Only a couple of months ago Sir Broderick launched a fresh scheme under the title of the Bahamas International Trading Co., Ltd., which was to reclaim past losses and come to the rescue of the derelict Bahamas Trust Co.!

Vague details

Why this new venture should succeed where the other failed we cannot say, but it is described as an "investment opportunity of a lifetime." The details supplied are vague in the extreme, and no name of any reputable firm of City underwriters appeared on the prospectus.

Now a receiving order has been filed against Sir Broderick, which shows that, with the shadow of the Bankruptcy Court upon him, there is little chance of his victims receiving a halfpenny of the vast fortune which he led them to expect.

Yet all along he has been inviting subscription to his various schemes in the blandest manner imaginable. He has had a wonderful innings and it is time that he was bowled out.

THE GREAT EYE RAMP

SIGHT-TESTING SHARKS

Some Optical Illusions

WE welcome the information that the war against eye quacks is to be carried a step further by the introduction of a Bill by the Minister of Health for the "registration of optical practitioners." Such a measure is long overdue as the harm done by some of these bogus specialists is incalculable.

In our files relating to these gentry, honour must be given to a certain Graham Browne, who variously describes himself as the "great London Optical Expert," "London's Leading Sight-Testing Expert and Optician," and the "World-famous Eyesight Expert."

It might be thought that a man of such dizzy distinction in his profession would find enough to do by sitting tight in his consulting-rooms. His fame ought to be sufficient to bring the near-sighted, the long-sighted and the astigmatic groping in their thousands up Harley Street for his unrivalled advice.

Yielding to pressure

Apparently, it is not, for Mr. Graham Browne pops up at odd times all over the country, with temporary local headquarters. He heralds his arrival by means of advertisements.

They are usually headed after this fashion: "Good News for Brighton. Mr. Graham Browne Yields to Popular Pressure—Special Visit of One Week."

Then follows the information that "people suffering from weak or defective eyesight are to have the unique opportunity of the help and advice of the world-famous eyesight expert." It is added that the natives of the locality are fortunate to have "the benefit of his unrivalled knowledge of optical matters."

Sometimes we read of a "Mr. Frank Brown," who is also the bearer of "good news" for the district favoured by a visit, and who also "yields to popular pressure." He is only less distinguished than "Graham" by the absence of the "e" at the end of his name, for he is a "Great Sight-Testing" and "World-Famous Eyesight" expert.

Mr. J. H. Sutcliffe, Secretary of the British Optical Association, which body is vigorously opposed to eyesight quacks

Yet another who "brings good news" and "yields to popular pressure" is "Mr. Gordon Herbert," whose fame is described in exactly similar phrases as Browne and Brown.

Now, "Mr. Graham Browne," at least, despite his tremendous gifts as an oculist, is not above changing his name, and was at one time registered in business as "Jack Ashton." This, in Harley Street, is considered unprofessional!

A Continental eye-quack

Whether it is "Graham Browne," "Frank Brown" or "Herbert Gordon" who bursts upon the defective vision of a selected town, all would be well advised to give the temporary consulting-rooms a wide berth.

The eyes are the most delicate of all the organs and most liable to damage by the unskilled attentions of the unqualified "specialist."

Sensible of such dangers, the Doncaster magistrates have interrupted the ophthalmic operations of a quack named "Jean Edwards, eye specialist," for a period of twelve months.

They have performed a public service, and the chairman did not understate the case when he said that Edwards had "humbugged and defrauded many people." We have watched "Edwards" for a long time, but know him better as John Graef, which is his real name.

He is a Continental eye-shark of the worst type, and owing to the absence of any restrictions in this country, he has been permitted to travel from place to place as a "world-famous eyesight specialist," making huge profits out of the sale of worthless glasses.

The lesser injury

Three years ago he was given five months' hard labour at Leamington on sixteen counts for obtaining money by false pretences.

In that case he did not deliver the glasses at all, in the circumstances a less harmful procedure than if he had delivered them, for the injuries he inflicted were to the pocket and not to the sight.

Undeterred, he resumed as "Jean Edwards," with headquarters in Normanton, consisting of a small lock-up shop. His permanent English address is at Lamb's Conduit Street, London, but he is also well known to the police in Paris, where he uses an American name.

It is good to hear that a serious effort is at last being made to send Graef and his kidney the way of the quack doctor and the quack dentist.

We trust that the Minister of Health will have the unanimous support of Parliament when he introduces his Bill.

The Greed of Gleed

Shame-Tainted Methods

IN our issue of December 5, we published an article calling attention to several very undesirable dens in the London area, which, in our opinion, merited the immediate attention of the police.

We are pleased to be able to report that our advice has been taken, and, since the appearance of our article, observation has been kept on many of the premises we indicated.

We drew particular attention to the Marylebone district, and the police are to be congratulated upon having raided a very detestable den at 480, Edgware Road, W.

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This was an exceptionally nauseous haunt run by a man named Frederick Edward Gleed, and frequented by known criminals, ex-convicts and loose women. Large sums of money were paid to Gleed, who kept his eyes closed to what took place.

Most of the undesirable people were in the habit of entering the place at the back, by way of a mews, and this made observation very difficult.

The police were compelled to keep watch from a house opposite, but, by using a pair of powerful field-glasses, they were enabled to find out what was taking place.

That Gleed had an enormous number of clients is shown by the fact that on the night of the raid some of the frequenters were waiting for admittance, as the place was full.

Needless to say, the police discovered large supplies of whisky, brandy, rum and gin upon the premises. They also found a box containing a large quantity of silver, which suggests that Gleed took tips from his habitues, apart from fleecing them of their Treasury notes.

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Gleed was found guilty of running the premises for improper purposes, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment. In view of the nature of his operations and the huge profits he was making, it is a scandal that he should have escaped so lightly.

It must be remembered that there are similar dens dotted about all over London—in Parksdown Road, Maida Vale; Upper Gloucester Terrace, Marylebone; Gt. Russell Street, Bloomsbury; Coram Street, Russell Square; Jermyn Street, Piccadilly; and Villiers Street, Strand.

The proprietors of these places are not likely to be deterred when they know that they only run the risk of a fine or a ridiculously light sentence.

* * *

Apart from the fact that he should have been made an example of, Gleed fully deserved a much heavier sentence. There are five previous convictions against him on identical charges, and he has also served eighteen months with hard labour for receiving stolen property!

To treat such a man so leniently is indeed to make a farce of the law.

ARMY TRAGEDY HUSHED UP

MONSTROUS TREATMENT OF YOUNG OFFICER

Destitute in London

FATE has played some cruel tricks on Lieutenant W. H. Chadwick, formerly a cavalry officer in the Army, and now, with his family, at the point of destitution in a London lodging.

Recently arrived from Burma, Lieutenant Chadwick has brought with him a strange story of hardship, indignity and privation. His case he now hopes to bring before the House of Commons.

After serving in France, Salonica and Egypt during the war, he was sent to India, and attached to the 80th Carnatic Infantry in 1918. He was considered an efficient officer of high character. Later he was transferred to Burma, with the rank of acting captain, and while there took steps to have his Indian Army commission made permanent.

He was at first encouraged in this ambition, his commanding officer endorsing his papers with the recommendation that he was a "keen, intelligent and businesslike officer."

About that time, however, he married, and then began a series of troubles which ended in disaster and ruin for the young officer.

Backward progress

It appears that his wife, a woman of high social standing in Burma, and the widow of an officer, was unpopular with a certain section of the community. This factor, which would mean nothing in England, is apparently of vital importance in some of our far-flung outposts of Empire.

The commission papers were returned, the reason stated for Mr. Chadwick's "undesirability" being the aforesaid unpopularity of his wife. In the course of a year or two efforts were made to have this decision reversed, until it was finally declared that he was "lacking in zeal and efficiency." Instead of making a step forward in his career, he was demobilised.

He fought for reinstatement, insisting that the real and unjustifiable reason for his "dismissal" was his wife's unpopularity. But at the end of ten months he gave up in despair, and applied for repatriation passages home to England. These were refused.

Desperate straits

He then tried to find civil employment in Burma, but was unsuccessful. Mrs. Chadwick owned some small property in the country which was mortgaged. The money obtained from that source in time gave out, and as they were no longer able to pay the interest they were evicted and left homeless, stranded and penniless, thousands of miles away from their friends.

Gossip in Rangoon and elsewhere had by this time grown snowball fashion, most of it directed at the unfortunate Mrs. Chadwick. It so happens that racial feeling is very strong in Burma between some of the English wives of officers and those Eurasian women who, because of their white fathers, have a social position denied to their Burmese mothers.

In any case, the Chadwicks found themselves almost without a friend, and without even the bare necessities of existence. The captain's health broke down, and finally, towards the end of 1924, one of the two children fell sick with bronchial pneumonia, due to exposure.

Desperate efforts were made to secure a loan in order to buy milk and medicine for the child, but without success. A good Samaritan appeared in Colonel Gilbert, civil surgeon, who saved the child's life by taking it into hospital and paying the cost himself.

Then the second child fell ill, and at the end of some months the two were examined by an R.A.M.C. officer. He recommended to the military authorities at headquarters of the Burma district that they should be admitted to the station family hospital, and given rations by the quartermaster.

There being no dole or parish relief in Burma, this was about the least that charity could do for these poor mites.

Meanwhile, Mr. Chadwick had sent repeated petitions to have his grievances investigated.

Every time he met with a refusal. The most that was offered him was a passage, without board, for himself and his family from Burma to India. As messing expenses would have amounted to a substantial sum the offer was useless.

At last, with the assistance of an ex-Service association and a Burmese trading house, the ruined and impoverished family were able to sail for England.

A cruel system

So far, Whitehall have shown no more willingness to have an independent inquiry into the case than the authorities in India. Why? Doubtless, they have in their possession confidential reports which have influenced them in their decision. If so, why not produce them?

There is too much of this sort of thing going on. No man can be charged with an offence in the public courts without hearing the evidence against him.

Yet, in the public services, he may be dismissed and brought to the last extremity of ruin, without having more than the vaguest notion of what the authorities really have heard against him. It is all wrong.

The Bluff that Failed

Sabini Gang's Impudence.

MOST people will agree that the fearless articles relating to race gangs, which we have published in these pages from time to time, have been a powerful force in helping to combat the menace. Here are some fresh disclosures which show that publicity has played a particularly useful part in curbing the activities of the Sabini gang.

This gang is nothing more or less than a collection of notorious thugs who have been responsible for most of the bloodshed and terrorism on the Turf.

They, too, have been responsible for the worst of the murderous assaults on racing men, and the pity is that there have been few convictions owing to intimidation of witnesses.

* * *

The astounding effrontery of a gentleman who has been connected with the gang, Mr. Charles Sabini, is shown by the fact that he recently sued the proprietors of the *Topical Times* for damages for libel, because they had referred to this gang of cutthroats as "race-course pests."

When the case came up for hearing before the Lord Chief Justice, however, Sabini did not appear. He had decided to discontinue the action, but as certain steps had been taken it was ruled that it could not be withdrawn in this way. The defendants pleaded justification.

* * *

Judgment was given for the defendants with costs, and the Lord Chief Justice stated that he had read the article complained of, and suggested that the matter might be thought to merit the attention of the Director of Public Prosecutions.

The Lord Chief Justice, therefore, expressed his intention of sending the pleadings to the director, together with particulars of his judgment. That the action was ever commenced was probably sheer bluff on the part of Sabini, who no doubt thought that the newspaper would make some settlement without going to court.

In this case he reckoned without JOHN BULL, for we afforded the newspaper's solicitors free access to our tremendous dossier relating to the Sabini gang.

This dossier contains exclusive facts about certain members of the gang, with their criminal records, details of conspiracies in which members have been concerned, and a mass of information concerning the inner workings of the gang.

* * *

That is why it is with such great satisfaction that we note the scathing remarks of the Lord Chief Justice in this extraordinary case.

Catches of the Season

Fleecers on the Warpath

AT this season certain individuals become very active in their efforts to line their own pockets, trading upon the fact that the feeling of the charitably disposed are more susceptible to appeals.

One of these is our old friend Walter Blackburn, who has thrived on the proceeds of bogus charities for the greater part of his life.

It is a pity that it should still be necessary to warn the public against him, but the fact that he carefully keeps his name out of his schemes makes it impossible for the ordinary man in the street to know when he is dealing with one of Blackburn's enterprises or with a bona-fide charity.

For instance, the following two advertisements were recently offered to the Press:

Blind person paid good wages to deliver bills at houses and shops.—Sec., 28, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.1.

Nurse probationer paid good wages while qualifying in hospital home under doctor and State registered sister in charge—letters only.—A. Barratt, 25, Battersea Park Road, S.W.

Now, 28, Bessborough Gardens is one of several addresses used by Blackburn in connection with his various schemes, and A. Barratt is one of his old associates.

The police, in the present state of the law, can do nothing to stop them so long as *something*, no matter how small, is given to charity!

Service circulars

Another bogus charity monger is George Breton, whose Yuletide operations are in full swing.

Breton's custom is to pester naval and military messes and canteens with circulars.

Breton's pet scheme is the Poor Children's Society, Shaftesbury Hall, Trinity Street, S.E., and his Christmas appeal is for donations towards his meal fund for the benefit of starving children. In the summer he makes similar appeals on behalf of his day-in-the-country fund, and so on.

For many years past he has, on his own admission, raked in as much as £6,000 per annum in this way, and, though he may possibly spend something on poor children, it is merely done as a blind, and the greater part of the money goes to himself and to his agents and "helpers."

"Blind" donors

He never issues a balance-sheet that has been certified by a qualified auditor, and those of the public who give so liberally to his schemes have no way of ascertaining how their money has been misapplied.

Both these men pay people salaries to collect, plus commission on what they rake in from the public, and after overhead charges have been met, and their own salaries and "expenses" paid, what, one may well ask, is left for the blind, the halt, the lame and the hungry?

There are many reputable charities such as those appealing through reputable newspapers, which deserve support.

The Immoral Village

by SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS

THE conditions of rural life are sometimes envied by town-dwellers. The supposed fresh air and natural surroundings are what they desire. But, alas! the real truth is that thousands of villagers lead a life that would not be tolerated in the worst city slum

IT is usually supposed that village life in England is much superior to town life in certain most vital concerns—especially in health and morals. Some doctors and some social critics have recently aroused a storm in the villages, especially in Church circles, by asserting that the village children are more unhealthy, are inferior in bodily development, and that the men and women are not more but less moral.

One book has been published in which this view peeps out in one page after another. You would think that the hamlets were sinks or slums rather than little paradises; homes of disease rather than nurseries of health; hubs of immorality rather than centres of natural affection. Does the libel lie?

In every country villages situated side by side are locally known as good villages and bad villages. If you enquire into the reason you will find that the worse the cottages the worse the cottagers. Beyond all question rural housing is in a desperate state.

The houses long since condemned by the medical inspector and the local council run into hundreds, indeed into thousands, in most countries, probably in all countries.

Criminal contamination

The official condemnation seldom makes any difference at all. The owner says he cannot afford to repair them or add new sanitation; and if the people must not live there, then the local council must take the responsibility of turning them out into the street.

That ends the matter. All that happens, thenceforth, is that the condemned cottages grow more and more worthy of condemnation, the leaks bigger, the sanitation worse. In many of these it is a task of Hercules for any ordinary mortal to maintain common decency and health.

In one small, fireless bedroom sleep o' nights—to quote one particular instance—a man dying slowly of consumption, his wife, and two girls and a boy getting on in age. This is a moderate example of overcrowding. It is quoted only to point out the wickedness of allowing young and moderately healthy children to share a stuffy atmosphere with an elder suffering from a mortal malady which is certainly contagious.

A more sure and certain method of contaminating the rising generation could not very well be desired. It is a daily marvel how effective is the open-air life to atone for deficiencies at home; but a large number of country children suffer severely and permanently from overcrowding in the home.

Nature's tooth-brush

In some respects the countryman to-day is worse than he was in the thirteenth century. They were then careful of their teeth, and were in the habit of cleaning them with twigs of trees from which the bark was freshly pulled. To-day the tooth-brush is scarcely known.

One most heroic village nurse, who worked herself nearly to death, bought with her own scanty money a gross of tooth-brushes, and by much labour induced a few families to consent to use them on Sunday mornings! This was regarded as high virtue. The state of the teeth of her village patients appalled the nurse.

The only way of getting water in a great number of houses is from occasional wells, some of them over 300 feet deep. It requires two pairs of hands to pull the small bucket up at all. A bath, of course, is unknown in such places.

A great number of the cottages have no privies at all; and what this means in unhealthiness, in bodily irregularity and the rest it is not possible to estimate. The damage is all the greater because hygiene or the science of health is not taught and is not understood.

The most elementary truths are Greek to the people. Babies are "weaned from milk" at six months old, and fed on meat and pickles or anything handy. A cooked mouse is regarded as a cure for measles! It is not to be wondered at that the children often look pale and anæmic in spite of fresh air and an illimitable playground.

Decency impossible

The lack of cottages of any decent size leads, as the word suggests, to gross indecency. Families with insufficient room for themselves are under great pressure to take in lodgers, generally young or middle-aged men who have work in or about the village, but have no sort of chance of getting a cottage to themselves or even a single room to themselves.

Instances are legion in which these lodgers sleep in the same room with various members of the family, more or less independent of considerations of age and sex. It would serve no good purpose to give examples of the indecencies, not to say scandals, that result.

They have come into the open or have been more widely realised by the people who have better houses and more elbow-room to be decent in, owing to the pension officers, whose business it has been to look into the moral and physical well-being of children and widows and, less often, of the ill or disabled ex-Service men themselves.

The greater leniency of the officials to widowed beneficiaries who have transgressed the moral code is doubtless due in fact to the perception of the difficulties of life in villages, where the people are too many for the houses. It has come to be a sort of standard of conduct that one illegitimate child is allowable, but that two is not respectable.

Farce of medical inspection

In appearance, and perhaps reality, the English villages are much better than the French in cleanliness. The most vivid recollection many soldiers have of rural France is of houses which could only be approached by way of midden heaps piled before the front of the house, and of mud-made walls with many gaping holes in them.

But overcrowding inside the cottage is as bad in some English villages as anywhere, and the ignorance of commonplaces of health abysmal.

The evils cannot be cured till more cottages and better cottages are built on a generous scale, and the supply of water made freer. But a good deal of the unnecessary discomfort, illness and, indeed, immorality might be done away with if the school played an ampler part, if the body of the pupils were regarded by the State as not less important than the mind.

Medical inspection is a farce in most schools. It ought to imply that children whose eyes or teeth need attention should receive attention, that children who need washing should have opportunities of washing, that families who have no knowledge of hygiene should have practical instruction, that children who are ill-fed should be more wisely fed.

Sir William Beach Thomas

The building up of the country is needed for economic reasons. The building up of the countryman is needed for much more urgent social reasons. Whatever a nation's balance-sheet, it cannot afford to produce C3 children.

It is quite useless to deny that we are doing this both in town and country, though the British stock is still the best in the world if it is given the chance. This is not an insular boast. It is the considered opinion of the immigration authorities of the United States to give one authority.

We are, nevertheless, in danger of destroying the quality of our stock. While some of the towns tend to improve (though others certainly do not) the villages in the main tend to degenerate.

The silver lining

The prospect is not all gloomy. It is amazing how much has been done since the war by the women, especially the women's institutes, to enliven the villages and make them better places socially. The agricultural labourers have a little more leisure, though they are miserably poor. Electric light schemes and water schemes are at any rate being discussed.

But a good many English villages are well known to the writer which seem to be going down hill very much in the same way as the villages in the Western islands—for instance, in Skye. Up there the best stock slowly drifted away, some to the mainland, some overseas. The local industries, especially fishing, collapsed from want of young and enterprising men.

The weaker stock left produced worse and worse children; and, finally, a free and open country place, most delightful to visit for a holiday, became chiefly distinguished for the spread of those two matadors of a perverted civilisation—consumption and idiocy or insanity.

Nothing could more depress the spirit of a traveller and a patriot than such a spectacle of decay. But one can understand that partial desertion of wilder and more lonely regions.

In England's green and pleasant land there is no sort of reason for decay. There is every reason for progress, for healthier houses, for more graces of life, for an improving stock, for a more self-respecting existence, for "more light," for a higher morality.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—The suggestion made to you by the Iron and Steel Trades' Confederation that the products of foreign sweated labour should be excluded from British markets deserves your earnest consideration. This is the practical way of doing what you are clumsily attempting by the Safeguarding of Industries Act, with the important difference that it does not allow the British manufacturer to play tricks on the consumer. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SIR,—To call your political opponents "softies and fatheads "carries no conviction to sensible minds, and the suggestion that the Conservative Party has a monopoly of intelligence is not borne out by the facts. It is a mistake to think that it is necessary to be coarse and clownish in order to interest a working-class audience. We expect better things from a Churchill and a Chancellor. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord EUSTACE PERCY, M.P.,
Minister of Education.

DEAR SIR,—It must have needed all the cheek at your command to tell the Newcastle-under-Lyme Education Committee that for the future they must forfeit part of the Government grant as a penalty for not spending enough money on teachers' salaries. This drastic action following hard upon your recent circular to the education authorities, stamps you as the most versatile of politicians. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P.,
Minister of Labour.

SIR,—Isn't it nearly time you intervened effectively in the dispute which is making a bear-garden of the Welsh anthracite coal-field? It is no solution of a crisis of this sort to arrest men by the dozen for unlawful assembly. You know as well as I do that the miners have a genuine grievance which ought to be fairly examined by the coal-owners. If you delay much longer the situation may develop on still uglier lines. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. J. COOK,
Secretary, Miners' Federation.

SIR,—You predict that before next year is out there will be "a first-class political crisis." Are you going to do anything to prevent it, or will it better suit your purpose to help the "crisis" along? You mention, too, that you were thrown out "neck and crop" by the Baptist Church because you joined the Socialist Party. If I follow your example of prediction, it will be to prophesy your "neck and crop" eviction from any sane organisation if you fail to mend your ways. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BRUCE,
Prime Minister, Commonwealth of Australia.

SIR,—I see that the High Court of Australia has unanimously decided that your action in seizing and deporting the strike leaders, Walsh and Johansen, was contrary to the law of the Commonwealth. This decision is a useful warning that politicians in a panic must not override the Constitution. Such a lesson should not be lost upon Whitehall. JOHN BULL.

To MICHAEL BRETT, Esq.,
Shipowner, Cardiff.

SIR,—You are aggrieved because coal-trimmers are unwilling to work overtime. The fact is, between you and me, that these fellows, nowadays, regard themselves as something more than beasts of burden, and they've got a notion that there are better things in life than shovelling coal. I gather that they get these strange ideas from Moscow! JOHN BULL.

To LORD HILLINGDON,
Hillingdon Court, Uxbridge.

SIR,—As Master of the Grafton Hunt you are peeved at the recent exposures of fox-hunting cruelty and waste. You deride the critics and say, "Farmers, set your faces against such absurd humanitarianism." Well, sir, every man to his taste. For my part, I prefer to remain with the humanitarians. JOHN BULL.

To RATCLIFF COUSINS, Esq.,
West London Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—When Mary Anderson, a young Kensington flower seller, was charged before you with being drunk and using bad language, you reminded her that London flower-girls were a very respectable and virtuous class, and she must try and live up to the character. I am glad to have this tribute from you. I have always admired our patient flower-sellers, cheerfully following their trade, brightening the streets with their fragrant wares. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. ROBERTS,
Medical Officer, Mynyddislwyn.

DEAR SIR,—A severe epidemic of influenza in your district has been followed by appendicitis in an alarming number of instances. This you attribute to the poor quality of the food consumed by miners and their families in consequence of their low wages. It is a dreadful indictment of conditions in the coal-fields. I suggest that your report be laid before the Coal Commission. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. BLOW,
Passenger on the "Aquitania."

DEAR SIR,—Crossing the Atlantic in one of the worst storms, the giant Cunarder has encountered, the ship's dispenser was taken ill. You diagnosed appendicitis, and, with the ship's doctor assisting, while the seas ran mountains high, glass crashed and fittings twisted, with doors boarded up, you performed a successful operation. As a bit of cool devotion to duty it was magnificent. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. HAZLEWOOD, HOUGHTON and ARNOLD,
Asfordby, Leicestershire.

GENTLEMEN,—As choristers, bellringers, and churchwardens, you have established a record in serving your parish church. Your united service at All Saints totals over 160 years. As an example of faithfulness to a simple ideal this is hard to beat. I congratulate you. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GEORGE CANT,
Barkstone, Melton Mowbray.

DEAR SIR,—May your 102nd birthday, now approaching, be the happiest day of your life. You began work at five, following the plough, work which in your opinion, "did you no harm." We have other views for little children nowadays; nevertheless, I like the spirit of willing service in which you have spent your days. JOHN BULL.

BOTH: "I'LL BE CONDUCTOR."

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. LLOYD GEORGE:—"I have seen even a good Government suffer from reaction."

A Government suffering from reaction cannot be a good Government.

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MR. BRIDGEMAN:—"You cannot have economies without putting somebody out of work."

A half truth. Some economies mean spreading out funds and so putting hundreds more into work.

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MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD:—"I hate discipline; I prefer honour and comradeship."

Honour and comradeship cannot exist together without discipline.

* * *

MR. J. LORT-WILLIAMS, K.C.:—"No man is free who cannot work and own."

Which means that at least a million persons in this country, through unemployment, are compulsory slaves.

* * *

MR. FOSTER BROWN:—"The public don't like miners getting into trains and trams—they think they are dangerous characters."

The kind of silly, exaggerated statement that does a great deal of harm.

Without Fear or Favour

A MONSTROUS MONOPOLY

Amery Must Go!

DISARMAMENT is entering the field of practical politics. The League of Nations is setting up a Commission to investigate the problem. President Coolidge is believed to be sympathetic. M. Chicherin is to be asked to join in.

But there are limits to what the League can do. Its function is to set up the machinery of enquiry and discussion. The good will of the nations can alone supply the driving force.

Before we can scrap our fleets and armies we must disarm our minds. We must unlearn the language of war, and study the alphabet of peace.

Otherwise, though we dismantled every gun, there would still be wars. Misused science would devise new weapons of destruction. The explosive force of hatred would still contrive to set the world ablaze.

The people of Great Britain are ready for a spirited lead towards this moral revolution. The generous applause given to Sir Austen Chamberlain for his share in the Treaty of Locarno was evidence of the nation's deep-seated desire to explore every avenue of approach to the goal of settled peace.

For the same reason the whole nation is angry and disgusted with the antics of Mr. Amery. That a Cabinet Minister should gossip lightly with a foreign journalist about the possibility of a new war, in which the manhood of Great Britain would be asked to lay down their lives for the sake of a strip of disputed territory in Asia, is felt to be an affront to the living and an insult to the honoured dead.

Mr. Baldwin should have no difficulty in recognising the trend of public opinion. We want no more wars, and we demand that the British Government shall earnestly give its mind to the great argument shortly to be opened at Geneva.

The Bread Ramp

IN spite of the efforts of the Food Council bread prices have resumed their upward trend.

No sooner had Lord Bradbury and his colleagues allowed that the price of bread must be regulated by the price of flour than the price of flour soared obligingly to the figure at which, in the opinion of the Food Council, it justified the tenpenny loaf.

The episode shows the futility of attempting to regulate bread prices except in conjunction with the cost of flour; while the control of flour prices would be equally futile unless accompanied with regulation of the cost of wheat.

Admittedly this is a tall order, but we are mistaken in the council if it intends to take this sort of rebuff lying down.

With a vengeance the food profiteers are "asking for trouble," and it is the plain duty of the council to examine the question of bread prices in all its bearings with a view to drastic action for the protection of the consumer.

The last word on this vital subject has not been spoken yet. Where there's a will there's a way.

The Truth for Winston

IN order to help Mr. Winston Churchill to carry out real economies in an effective manner, we outline a few proposals here. We remind him, in fact, of some of the principles he advocated in other days

MR. CHURCHILL, as Chancellor, gave Parliament an assurance that he would endeavour to save £10,000,000 a year. This promise has to be fulfilled. Winston must secure his claim to the next premiership in a Tory Government.

He has been reminding the country that Socialists are fatheads, and it is in order to prevent him from acting in a manner that might win for him the same designation that we are offering him a few suggestions.

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

No Chancellor of the Exchequer worthy the name of an intelligent administrator dare put down the cost of services until he has thoroughly weeded out parasitic growths that are rooted in the public purse.

To give work to the unemployed we are putting public works in hand that cost millions per year. No man knows better than the Chancellor that the net result of these schemes of road-making and railway extensions is to send up the values of agricultural land from £25 an acre to £800 and £1,200 per acre, and this at a time when every industrial community is looking for cheap land for housing.

ARE the taxpayers of this country aware that, under the Agricultural Rates Act, the owners of agricultural land pay rates on only one quarter of the actual rateable value of their land, and that for the last financial year this relief given to the landowners cost the taxpayers over £5,000,000? As time goes on, this tribute will increase.

This is Winston's method of economy—laying tribute at the feet of his paymasters, the landowners, and piling up rates and taxes upon the industry of the community.

Cut education, cut public services, cut anything, but preserve the landowner.

Under the Sugar Beet Industries Bill, the landowners are receiving a bounty which begins at £24 per acre. Here again at public expense we intensify the demand for land by virtue of this bounty and therefore increase the value of the landlord's property.

EXPERTS have reported to the Government that there is in the land 580 times our present annual output of coal. The royalty owners are now drawing £6,000,000 a year. This means that the landowners are in a position to call upon posterity for a sum of £3,480,000,000 in royalties.

Economies can be effected here without robbing any useful service of a farthing, by challenging the right of landowners to batten on the community.

We are giving to the landowners now sums which far exceed anything we are spending on education, and yet Mr. Winston Churchill is intent upon attacking public services in order to save, while he is leaving this monstrous monopoly free to extract its fabulous fortunes from the exchequer and the community.

We can save millions a year on our public health account and in bounties to landowners. It is for the people to say whether their children shall be the victims of the new economy ramp or the vested interests shall be uprooted.

You cannot talk of economy and compromise with vested interests. The true road to economy is to break the power of these interests by taxation and rating, not by feeding them with bounties.

War Pensions

SOON after the Armistice the Government fixed a seven years' time limit for war pensions. This means that after a date early next year no new pension claims for injuries from war service will be entertained, and there will be no further opportunity for the revision of awards.

In other words, in a few months from now every pension award will become "final." Naturally, the ex-Service men's organisations view this prospect with alarm.

The present annual charge for war pensions is somewhere in the neighbourhood of £66,000,000. From next year the cash-box will be sealed.

In our view such a time-limit is unjust and undesirable. The experience of the last seven years has taught us that the effects of war injuries are quite incalculable.

Five and six years after the war doctors have constantly had to identify serious breakdowns as being directly traceable to the hardships of the trenches. What magic is there in the seventh year that it should be chosen as the time to bar new claims?

Still more serious is the case of men suffering from permanent injuries. At the moment their degree of disablement may not entitle them to the full pension; the generosity of medical boards has not always been conspicuous; but in a few years' time a sudden unforeseen development may so worsen a man's condition that he can no longer earn his living. But the seven years' limit will rob him of his right of appeal.

The Government must reconsider the matter. It will be a monstrous thing if, through the harsh imposition of a time-limit, men injured in their country's service are thrown upon the Poor Law with no claim to redress.

Dumb Slaves

ONCE a year, from the wind-swept Exmoor, the wild forest ponies are rounded up. They are doomed to the coalpits—and there is a great deal of unseen cruelty to ponies in the coal pits.

At Mansfield a pit boy was fined 10s. for thrusting a pointed stick into a pony's side, causing it to scream in agony. Another was fined 50s. for striking a pony on the head with an iron crowbar until it fell under the blows.

Still another is in jail for striking a pony with a miner's spike causing it to bleed to death.

There is no slightest excuse for the continuance of underground haulage by animals. Experienced engineers everywhere testify to the superiority of mechanical systems.

For this reason, as a measure of simple humanity, we support the petition, presented by a thousand influential men and women to the Coal Commission, to replace pit ponies by mechanical haulage.

Out of sight, in this case, must not be out of mind. Cruelty in the mines must cease. The pit ponies must be brought out into the sunshine.

Tragedy of Two Children

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

CHRISTMAS is rightly called the children's festival. To thousands of them, however, it cannot be a festival because of neglect and poverty, and, worse than all, by the wicked environment that surrounds them. The bitter cry of the children must reach even the most stony-hearted

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, Minister of Health

IN a pamphlet issued by the organisers of Dr. Barnardo's Homes there are portraits of two children which seem to me more notable than any picture of any child painted by the greatest of artists since time began.

These two portraits are entirely different from those rosy pictures of smiling children which adorn the covers of so many magazines at Christmastide. There is no challenging advertisement of happiness and contentment in the faces of these two children.

No one would say of them, "This picture ought to be called 'Daddy's Darling' and that one 'Mother's Poppet.'

In the faces of both these children there is a look of bewilderment. They are not half-starved and terrified; there is nothing tragic about them. On the contrary, they are the photographs of two very strong, healthy, and well-cared-for children, excellent advertisements of the thoroughness which characterises Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

But the look of bewilderment in those young eyes strikes one as a thing very terrible to think about, and a thing concerning which it is our duty to think at this particular season of the year—that is, if we are truly sincere in our description of Christmas as the children's festival.

A terrible parentage

The look of bewilderment in the boy's face is sullen and angry; as if he were determined to discover what has caused God's universe to be, as far as it concerns him, so sorely at sixes and sevens. His brows are drawn down over large, dark, staring eyes, the corners of his lips slightly depressed, his plentiful fair hair slightly tousled.

A beautiful child, but unforgettably damaged. The description of him is as follows: "*His mother all that a mother ought not to be; his father, unknown and untraceable.*"

The look of bewilderment in the girl's face is complete. There is no resistance in it, much less a fight. She accepts her fate, and is frankly stunned by it. There she sits, clean as a new pin, even with a broad, gay ribbon in her hair.

But there are indestructible memories in that little mind, so that she stares out on the world with a frown of bafflement in her deep-sunken eyes, addressing to God and man a single question, *Why?* Her description is brevity itself: "*The less said about her sad history the better.*"

The manger and the slums

Surely that is about as terrible a thing as we could say of any child. Strange, to begin with, that the big word "history" should be applied at all to a child three years of age. "Romance" would be a fitter word. But it is well applied.

Evidently the mind of this beautiful little child has had a history, has been dragged from its first experience of the sun's light into some dark and dreadful story of human iniquity, has received impressions which would stun and horrify many a grown-up, and is now, in the midst of kindness and cheerfulness disentangling, as in a dream, those terrible first memories from the kindly impressions of the present time.

"The less said about her history the better." Think of it, and reflect that there are thousands and tens of thousands of little children in these British islands of whom the same appalling thing might be said. Into the minds of those thousands of children are raining every day and most of the night impressions which are destructive of body, mind and soul.

I do not think it is becoming to rub our hands cheerfully together and sing lovely old carols about the Christ Child in the manger at Bethlehem while the slums of our cities and the warrens of that immense evil which we tolerate as a necessity of civilisation are destroying thousands of children.

An insult to religion

It is a question of two simple things, decency and honesty. Is it decent that we should leave these children to perish, while we rejoice with our own children in comfort and plenty?

Is it honest that we should drag religion into our feasting and frolic, while irreligion of the most destructive kind claims these victims throughout the length and breadth of the country?

I know the line of defence. "You cannot interfere between parent and child except in cases of gross cruelty." Let me attack it. Define those words "gross cruelty." Is a blow worse, really worse, than a foul word? which lasts longer, a bruise on the body or a scar on the mind?

Starvation is gross cruelty: anyone who could starve a child deserves the extremest form of punishment, if punishment is to exist at all; but is it not gross cruelty to let a child see sights which are degrading to its mind, and which are like the blow of a sledge-hammer to its dawning soul?

There is only one way out from this mess. We have got to see that no parents unfit to be parents shall have charge of children. If there is one duty which comes before all our other duties as good citizens, it is surely the duty of looking after the country's children.

Leave morals and religion out of your thoughts; consider the matter from the practical point of view of economics. Does it pay us to neglect our children in this wholesale fashion?

It costs us a vast sum of money every year to maintain hospitals, lunatic asylums, reformatories and prisons. These huge buildings are scattered all over the country. Whence comes the broken and damaged humanity that fills them?

You may say to me, "Raise wages, improve conditions, and all such cruelty would soon disappear." It isn't true. There is the finest self-sacrificing humanity among the extremest poor that exists in this country.

No; children are treated worse than animals by parents who have money enough to spend on drink and bookmakers, and who let once decent neighbourhoods sink to the level of slums, because they are rotten with selfishness to their hearts' core.

That is the cause of this monstrous and unnatural cruelty, *selfishness;* and you will find suffering childhood and damaged childhood in every class of the community.

There is one other argument against State interference. It is said that no child brought up in an institution ever has the saving memory of home in its soul. Well, with some knowledge of what I am writing about, I say that there are institutions in this country ten thousand times more like a true home than many a foul crib which dares to call itself by that name.

Sowing and reaping

I believe there is a great host of childless women in our country to whom the care of the nation's damaged childhood could be entrusted with absolute security—women of the highest character and the noblest affection who would find in such a work not merely a mission repairing the frustration of their own natures, but a most joyful way of fulfilling one of the chief commands of the Christ Whose birth makes every Christmas a reproach to our humanity.

Let us remember that if a man can reap only what he sows, a country cannot hope to reap generations of splendid men and noble women from sowing neglect, inhumanity, and hypocrisy.

Blowing Out

The conspiracy to starve popular education is a disgraceful move on the part of the Government

THE country is spending on education this year, out of national taxes, the sum of £46,403,000. In addition, the estimated expenditure of the local authorities on education for the current year is £34,759,000, a total of £81,167,000.

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P.

This sum covers the cost of public education of every kind, elementary, secondary, and technical, universities and research. The expenditure on the fighting services is £124,000,000 a year, and the cost of the war debt imposes a burden upon the taxpayers of £350,000,000 annually.

To adapt the words of a witty Scotsman, we are spending £2 a head to put brains in, and £9 a head to blow brains out.

The economy "axe" is at work cutting down the expenditure upon elementary education. The Minister of Education has aroused intense opposition from the local education authorities and the teachers to a proposal he has just made to reduce the Government grants.

The effect of this proposal would be two-fold. It would immediately throw an additional burden on the local rates, and it would stop education progress for the next five years.

This proposed economy in Government expenditure upon education is bound to raise anew the old controversy as to whether education is worth while, and whether we are getting value as a nation for the money spent upon it.

IT is no doubt true that there is room for economy in educational administration without impairing efficiency; and no education enthusiast should object to the use of the pruning knife to lop off useless encumbrances.

But it is not the true economy which aims at getting full value for money spent which is the real reason for the attack on education expenditure. There is a conspiracy to starve popular education.

The present Home Secretary recently addressed a conference of Unionist women and said, "We cannot afford to live at the rate at which we are living," and then he went straight on to suggest that local education bodies should reduce expen

An Amazing Tangle

by A. G. GARDINER

WE are getting Protection in small doses, and the more the mixture is administered the more nauseous it becomes. Mr. Baldwin must get rid of the quacks who wish to continue it if he wishes to retain the confidence of those who looked to him to remedy their ills

Sir Burton Chadwick, Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade

I AM coming to the conclusion that Mr. Baldwin is a deeper man than we have taken him for, and that the "Alice in Wonderland" simplicity that he wears so prettily is only a disguise. I am coming to this conclusion because I cannot explain on any other hypothesis the scraps of Protection which he is doling out.

Whatever our individual opinion may be, we are all agreed that Protection is a first-rate issue. It is either the best thing or the worst thing we can do to the interests of the community.

That being so, it should be approached with a seriousness worthy of the greatness of the consequences. It should be considered not in scraps, but as a whole, for industry is a single garment.

You cannot touch one trade without affecting other trades. You cannot give the leather-dresser a monopoly by tariffs without hitting the boot trade, and without making the prices of boots dearer to the consumer, and so on. It may be wise to give the leather-man a tariff.

Robbing Peter to pay Paul

It may even be wise to safeguard tomato-growing in this country. True, we have not the sun that ripens tomatoes cheaply. We grow our tomatoes in hothouses and they are therefore dear. But the industry, if it was protected, would certainly prosper, and provide employment for more hands. Incidentally, of course, tomatoes would be a luxury which only the rich could afford.

But my point is that Protection for almost any industry would help that industry as a self-contained unit. You cannot make things dearer and profits greater without enriching somebody.

But industry is not a self-contained unit, and even a prosperous protected home-grown tomato industry would hit the general public.

All this is obvious, and I only refer to it as illustrating the fact that Protection is much too great and too serious a question to deal with in isolated scraps. But it is precisely in this way that Mr. Baldwin is dealing with it.

Mr. Baldwin is disorganising a crowd of small trades by giving them tariffs, and setting up a vast and costly system of officials to collect the tariffs, which realise about as much as the cost of collection. It is like setting fire to the house in order to roast the pig.

What is the object of these piecemeal experiments? We know what the object of Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister and Sir B. Chadwick is, for they have told us. Their object, says Sir B. Chadwick, is to drive in a wedge which the electorate can hammer home at the next election.

A subtle plot

Now I cannot believe that that is Mr. Baldwin's object, for Mr. Baldwin is an honest man and would not play this kind of trick with the public and with a grave public question.

I am driven, therefore, to the conclusion that he and Mr. Churchill are engaged in an amiable plot to show their Protectionist friends what trouble they are asking for. They are giving them homœopathic doses of Protection to cure them. In a word they are making Protection absurd and showing that it is a nuisance.

They are certainly succeeding in that device. I drew attention the other week to the destruction of our re-export trade in silk fabrics, how our world market was being lost and buyers all over the globe who had been in the habit of buying in London were now buying on the Continent, with consequent loss to us in handling, packing, shipping, insurance, etc.

That is one by-product of Protection, and I can imagine that Mr. Baldwin is hoping the object-lesson will get home. It may not matter much if we lose only our world market in silk; but it will matter a great deal if we close our world market generally, as will be the case if the "wedge" of Protection is driven in.

There is another aspect of the mischief—the bewildering confusion and delay in trade which is the result of tariffs. It is illustrated by a letter from "J. T. C.," a wholesale clothier in London.

On November 7 a customer in the Channel Islands despatched to him four ladies' coats which should have reached him on the 10th. The coats had a small shoulder lining of artificial silk and were held up by the Customs authorities.

Ten days passed and then the clothier received an intimation that they were detained and a form to fill up. He returned the form the same day.

On December 3 he wrote to the Customs asking what had happened. On December 5 he received a reply that the Customs "have the matter in hand." They also have the unhappy tradesman's coats in hand. They are season's goods and the opportunity of immediate sale is lost. Next season they will be out of date.

Killing trade for trifles

This is not an isolated case. It is one of thousands of cases in which business men are being hampered and penalised by these preposterous tariffs. This is not helping trade. It is murdering trade, and murdering it for trifles.

For example, a correspondent has imported twenty-five cases of Cointreau (a liqueur) and has been charged 6d. for the tiny bit of silk ribbon on the capsules. When you reckon the time and correspondence involved in collecting this ridiculous 6d. what is there left?

Then consider the amazing tangles in which tariffs are involved. A duty has just been imposed on knives, "other than surgical knives or knives used in machines." This means that the doctors, who are strongly organised, are not to have the price of their instruments raised, but the consumer who is not organised is left to be duly plundered.

It was proposed that the workman who uses edge tools should escape the duty as well as the surgeon. Mr. Tom Henderson said that some workmen in Glasgow had to spend £3 15s. a year on their tools, and the duty meant that in future the tools would cost £5.

But Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, who probably never heard that workmen use tools, refused to give them the exemption granted to the surgeons. For, said he, it would "make mincemeat of the scheme by exempting the cutlery used in restaurants."

Giving his Party beans

Why does the farce go on? Is it not reasonable to assume that Mr. Baldwin is teaching his Party the meaning of what they are about, and the electors the truth that they pay the tax. If they do not pay the tax, why does not the Government put a tax on iron and steel?

Why have they turned down a tax on superphosphates? They turned it down because the Farmers' Union was strong enough to say they would not be taxed on their raw materials in order that a few superphosphate manufacturers could grow rich at their expense.

If my view that Mr. Baldwin in submitting to this patchwork Protection is engaged in educating his Party is correct he is intelligible; but the education has gone far enough.

It is time that Mr. Baldwin sent his Cunliffe-Listers to the House of Lords or somewhere where they will be harmless.

wn Brains Out

By the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

ture during the next five years, so that the Government could reduce their grants in proportion.

WE could economise by abolishing the police and all the public health services. But no person in his senses would advise that that should be done. Education is just as essential for the safety and progress of the community as the maintenance of a police force and a public health service.

An uneducated population is a danger to political government, a danger to industrial life, and a danger to the physical health of the community. The political government of the country is now in the hands of the whole people. If the people are not educated they will be the prey of the designing politician, of the plausible demagogue, and of an unscrupulous Press.

A good general education is necessary as the basis of industrial efficiency. For success in trade and commerce education is more and more necessary. A recent commercial mission to the United States has reported that the highly efficient education system of that country is the main reason for the wonderful industrial progress it has made in the last generation.

The average technical skill and training of the British workman are deplorable. He is good at rule-of-thumb operations, but he has little knowledge of the scientific reasons underlying the simplest mechanical operations. There is a vast field untilled in the realm of technical education; its cultivation would double and quadruple industrial efficiency and output.

A new Health Society has just been formed to combat the ravages of illness and disease due to ignorance. An uneducated people will never understand or apply the simple laws of health. We are losing hundreds of millions a year from this one cause alone, many times the whole sum we spend on education.

OUR popular system of education is only fifty years old. In that time it has accomplished great results. It has closed half our jails; it has reduced the death-rate by nearly one-half; it has developed great industries like printing and publishing, which employ vast numbers of people; it has utilised modern discoveries like the motor-car and bicycle, the wireless and the cinema, to extend the range of knowledge of the whole population.

Education *is* worth while. It is a vital necessity. Without it democracy, industry and health will perish. The lesson which fifty years of partial education teaches is that we need more, not less.

Starving the Colonies

by D. Algar Bailey

OUT of the £10,000,000 available during the last three and a half years for oversea settlement work, less than £1,000,000 has to date been spent. Would big business-men have "fallen down" had they had the handling of such a proposition?

Let us have a national organisation the objective of which will be the establishment of families by the many score thousand throughout the Empire on a self-supporting basis.

Let us have a sound scheme of group settlement: oversea villages composed of families who come from the same district in this country; but let the entire work be in the hands of one body of acknowledged practical experts. Let us have a "British Society" throughout the Empire.

By the adoption of these proposals there would come into existence: (1) Short period work and social camps for groups of families, in which their latest abilities would be developed. (2) Co-operative group settlements overseas, in which families would "learn while they earn" and, at the same time, establish themselves as a community centre for the surrounding district.

Smoothing "roughing-in"

The work and social camps would be capable of holding several hundred families at one time and would be formed in this country. The members, drawn from the industrial community, would be taught agriculture and would gain their first experience of oversea conditions. At the same time, they would form themselves into groups of from twenty to thirty families.

With the "roughing-in" process completed and groups formed, they would proceed overseas to a carefully chosen district. There they would find one or more practical men as resident instructors, also sufficient land for the class of farming in which they are going to engage, building materials for houses, community hall and co-operative store—in fact, everything necessary, granted diligent work, for a comfortable living and future.

The total capital outlay for so establishing a group of about thirty families, including the cost of their transportation from Britain to either Australia or Canada, is estimated to be about £11,500—£375 per family.

A profitable loan

The specific purpose of the 1922 Oversea Settlement Act, however, is to loan up to 50 per cent. of the cost of establishing people overseas. The consensus of opinion is that, with an organisation such as that described actually in existence, there would be no difficulty in raising the other 50 per cent. in the Dominions.

What should, of course, be floated is an Empire settlement loan of at least £100,000,000 at, say, 4½ per cent. If the Dominions have faith in their own lands, they should be prepared to invest, for the bulk of the proceeds would be spent in their own country.

If migration is not made attractive and Britishers fail to go to the Dominions, what will be the result? One hesitates to predict what would happen in Britain, where the population is increasing at the rate of about one thousand a day.

In the Dominions, however, the future is more easy to see. The Australian problem will be brought before the League of Nations by such countries as Japan, who have expanding populations.

And Canada? Well, close students of her affairs frankly admit that if Britain does not move very quickly, she will shortly be overrun by aliens having no ties with the Mother Country.

The Sentence of the Court

A DUKE IN DARKNESS

The Coal Royalty Ramp

WHEN the Duke of Northumberland entered the dock he was obviously suffering from nerves. Through his counsel, he requested that the case be held *in camera*, as there were Bolshevists and Communists in the public galleries and a bomb might be thrown.

The request was refused, and the charge of misappropriating £75,000 annually in the form of coal royalties was proceeded with.

"Like many members of his caste," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "the accused suffers from a form of arrested mental development which renders its victims incapable, in matters of this kind, of distinguishing between right and wrong.

"This was made clear when his Grace was giving evidence before the Coal Commission, and Sir William Beveridge quoted the case of a Kent landowner who suddenly became richer by £3,000 or £4,000 a year because a pioneer company came to bore for coal, the man's only contribution being the placing of restrictions on the work.

"The Duke professed himself quite unable to see that this landowner was not entitled to be richly rewarded for his lack of enterprise. Similarly, when asked if he thought that the services which he himself rendered were of as much value to the community as those of 440 miners (whose total wages would barely equal the Duke's income of more than £200 a day) he replied that his outgoings were very much larger than those of a miner.

"If they adopt this weird brand of reasoning, the obvious course for miners is to lay in stocks of champagne and take trips to Venice, and then argue that their rate of expenditure entitles them to a minimum wage of (say) £40 a week!"

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the services rendered by his client were obvious enough. He enriched the exchequer by paying taxes at the rate of 10s. 6d. in the pound and large sums in death duties, while his crowning service, to quote the Duke himself, lay "in explaining to the men the disastrous course in which they are being led by their leaders."

* * *

"The payment of taxes," said Mr. Justice Bull, "is a form of compulsory honesty to which we are all subjected, and if it is seriously suggested that this constitutes 'service to the community,' an inebriate might, with equal justification, plead that in turning himself into a human hogshead he was patriotically helping the excise revenue.

"At this time of day, when the right of an individual to own large tracts of even the surface of the earth is being seriously questioned, it is amazing to find a person so imbued with feudal fanaticism as to argue that an accident of birth entitles him to ownership not only of the land's surface, but of minerals in the bowels of the earth and, presumably, of the air within the boundaries of his acres and the skies that span them.

"If science were to discover a method of extracting electricity from the atmosphere, this quaint peer would, I suppose, claim royalty payments for himself and his heirs on any electricity obtained from the ether contiguous to his land.

"I must, of course, make allowances for the prisoner's educational deficiencies, but I cannot do less than deprive him of his coronet for seven years, during which period he must, on ceremonial occasions, attend the House of Lords in a dunce's cap."

In Sunshine Ward

Heartstrings of Home

A Surprise That Failed

by PHILIP INMAN

AT this time of the year it is possible to see in the London streets men who have come from the Edge o' Beyond. Christmas and home have pulled at their heartstrings until the tugging has become irresistible, and they have succumbed to its magic spell.

Such a one I talked with to-day. He had been six weeks getting here from a little-known spot seventeen miles the other side of Hong-Kong. There in a bit of far-away England he dwelt alone. The October mail had brought him a breath of the homeland, and he had followed the scent.

It was to be a surprise visit for the wife who, for health reasons, he had had to leave behind. She was not to know anything about it, for he wanted to picture the look of delight which would come into her eyes when he stepped across the threshold.

* * *

It was a pleasant dream which remained with him throughout the journey home, but there was to be a rude awakening.

A day or two ago my visitor arrived in London, and left at once for a seaside town in Sussex. There he made his way to an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street—his home. Three years had passed since he last saw it, and the welcome he then received had been a fragrant memory in all his loneliness.

* * *

Now again he felt the thrill of it all. Tremblingly he walked up the garden path, tenderly he opened the door. He was back again—home. The maid, who also acted as companion-nurse to his wife, came forward to greet him. Her face flushed when she saw who it was. Then with a tear in her eye she told him what had happened.

For some time his wife had been gradually going down hill, until, in despair, the local doctor had advised her to go for treatment to a London hospital. "Why wasn't I told?" queried the agonised husband. "Ma'am made us all promise not to write because you would only fret and worry," was the reply.

It was to my hospital this patient had been removed, and it was to me that "her man" came for news. In his eyes was a look of mute appeal such as one can sometimes see in those of a dog.

In a few words I told him what had happened. I said that the patient had been very ill, but at last a form of treatment had been discovered for her, and it was doing her good. In six months she ought to be completely well and strong.

"Thank God," he said brokenly. Then he asked if he might be taken to her. At first when she saw him she was greatly agitated. "Who told you?" she asked. "Someone has betrayed my trust."

Then, when he bent down and kissed her there came into her face a strange tenderness: "But it's good to see you," she muttered. His reply was for her ears alone.

* * *

There was one happy home this Christmastide. This patient in charge of a nurse left hospital for three days. With her husband she spent the festive season at home.

Home! One must live in exile to feel their real throb. They are the pulses of every lonely heart.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

That dreadful shape he can't escape
In spite of all endeavour,
For none can tell what magic spell
Will lay the ghost for ever.

Just when a boy's expecting toys
It is a trifle shocking
To find a mass of bills, alas!
Stuck in his Christmas stocking.

And can it be that such as she
One of our proudest misses—
Can hang around on Cupid's ground
And "stand for" stolen kisses!

Corruption in High Places

by ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD, D.Sc., M.A.
(Ex-Fellow King's, Cambridge)

WE are encompassed about with falsehood and dishonour, and their exponents are not afraid because of our national tolerance. But to be tolerant with lying and infamy is to exhibit a weakness that can only bring to destruction the nation that practises it

THERE is nothing on which we are accustomed to offer ourselves such sincere congratulations as on our tolerance, so different from the censorious attitude of our frock-coated and bewhiskered great-grandfathers. We have ceased to wax indignant about mere foibles and peccadilloes.

We thank whatever is our up-to-date version of God that we no longer live in those terribly uncomfortable days when the lie direct to a man of honour was an insult only to be expiated by a duel to the death. We call it a "terminological inexactitude" nowadays, and have the good taste not to enquire too narrowly into minute discrepancies between the fact and the spoken word.

We can smile, after our tolerant fashion, when we recall such fulminations as that of rugged old Carlyle, "Caitiff, we hate thee!" We don't hate such interesting people as caitiffs nowadays. We are more inclined to ilonise them.

But all this, one will be told, is surely for the good. Tolerance is a beautiful thing, a Christian virtue. "He that hath not sinned . . ."—the quotation is familiar to all of us.

Yes, tolerance is beautiful in all conscience when it is an understanding forgiveness of the wrongdoer, but when it includes tolerance of the wrong itself, it is as ugly, literally, as sin.

Criminal complacency

Once we have forgotten that there is any difference between right and wrong, honour and dishonour, justice and injustice, it is easy enough to forgive anything whatever, except, possibly, some direct injury to our precious selves.

One can hardly imagine anything more nauseating than, for instance, the complacency of Press and public in this country with regard to the tragedy of the Russian royal family—a tragedy typical of myriads in revolutionary Russia—when regarded in the light of the adulation with which we had besmeared the poor, dull-witted Tsar as long as we had anything to get out of him.

One is tempted even to wonder whether the cheers with which the German delegates were the other day greeted in the streets by Londoners, some of whom had not improbably joined in attacking German-named shopkeepers after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, really signified a magnanimous and Christlike forgiveness of the kind that makes future wars unthinkable, or the mere noisy reactions of people incapable of keeping anything for very long in their minds or memories.

Pulling the strings

This word "reaction," familiar to the students of mental science, perfectly suggests the working of the typical modern mind. Such a mind is like one of those toys that is wound up to squeak, or move when touched in a particular way, and then, after a time, relapses into stillness.

The toy has no purpose or volition of its own; there is nothing in its machinery that enables it to choose what its response shall be to any particular stimulus; still less is it capable of pursuing one constant and self-determined course of action, no matter what the stimulus may be.

To people in this condition, it is almost hopeless to appeal in any generous or noble cause. No doubt they will respond, after their fashion, to the stimulus of a new sensation! A piece of dirty work in politics, some tale of monstrous injustice that may come to light, will attract the same kind of interest as is excited by a dispute between two football clubs.

But a week or a month hence the impression will have faded, and the affair have become a drug on the journalese market. Meanwhile, the corruption persists and spreads; the wrong goes unredressed. It is nothing to these people if the foundations of the State, and even of civilisation itself, are undermined.

What is it to the average newspaper reader if a knot of profiteers should be able to say to Parliament, on some question of reform affecting their interests, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further"?

Why bother if it comes out that a general officer resigned his post, and had his resignation accepted, because he was not allowed to maintain the honour of the King's uniform by suppressing looting under his command in Ireland?

Nobody cares

Why revive the case of an aged and devoted physician who happens to have been branded as infamous for no better reason than that he presumed to do good in an unprofessional way?

"Trouble not your head," says the Caliph in "Hassan," "with the tyranny of Princes, or you may catch a cold therein from the Wind of Complication."

The most disquieting feature of the situation in post-war England is not that our politics and public services are honeycombed with corruption, but that, these things being notorious, nobody much cares about them, or makes any special effort to amend them.

We have lost the healthy faculty of indignation; we think it no shame that the fountain of public honour should be tainted at the source.

We cannot even blush at the thought of the well-connected cowards who, in time of our direst need, were able to shirk their duty in comfortable posts, of the rogues who have coined fortunes out of Europe's agony, of the cads and loose women who, falsely advertised as the cream of society, have, through four years of war and seven of misery, flaunted in the public eye their motto of "Pleasure as usual—and at all costs."

Quaking in their shoes

It is not that we are specially wicked. Our civilisation no longer throws up such conclusively damned sinners as Nero, for instance, or the rakes who, in the eighteenth century, forgathered at the Hellfire Club. Our devil's disciples nowadays lack the full courage of their convictions, which is one reason that makes modern corruption especially difficult to locate and expose.

Those who look for some sustained purpose of evil, some sensational conspiracy of Jews or secret societies, or whatever ardent democrats may mean when they talk of "capital," are seeking the thing that is not. The knaves of reality are cast in too small a mould to qualify for the full diploma of villainy.

What strikes us most about the scandals that occasionally come into the limelight is the contrast between the tragedy of the situation and the extreme pettiness of most of the actors.

We read of men who are making history, whose will may conceivably be the fate of nations, deflecting that will to the pursuit of *amours* so sordid that one can well imagine a savage recoiling from them in boredom and outraged decency.

Dr. Esme Wingfield-Stratford

The outstanding feature of the now infamous Douglas-Pennant case is the contrast between the great-souled personality and high purpose of the victim and the utter insignificance of those poor little intriguers and adventurers who have deprived England of her services, and are even now quaking at the prospect of their ignoble shifts being forced into the light of day.

Hopeless drift

Perhaps when, at long last, we have succeeded, as succeed we shall, with faith in our cause, and with the gradual awakening of the nation to its danger in rending the veil of secrecy that hides the inner workings of our political machine, in exposing the wires that work the puppets and the people who pull the wires, there may be a certain sense of disappointment in the absence of any melodramatic revelation.

There may, quite conceivably, turn out to have been no world plot, no arch-villain in the piece, only a sordid complication of petty motives and conflicting greeds, only people whom one is less inclined to hate than to pity for being what they are.

Assuredly it is not on these small souls that we need squander indignation. It is rather the injustice, the cynicism, the foul dealing, and the moral rottenness of which these things are the symptoms, by which right-thinking men and women are moved to wrath.

It is, in the last resort, a question of religion, or—what amounts to the same thing—of principles. Since we have, in everything but name, jettisoned the old dogmatic faiths by which some fixity of principle was assured for men and nations, the good ship Civilisation has been drifting without rudder or compass.

The vital problem

It is not pleasant to reflect that the nearest approaches that modern Europe can make to the crusading spirit are constituted by the grotesque extremes of Fascism and Bolshevism. The vital problem of our time is to reconstruct the moral basis of society.

A certain undergraduate, "hauled" before the Dean of his college for not attending chapel, pleaded as an excuse that he had not found a God.

"Well," said the Dean, "you must find one in the next twenty-four hours, or go down."

It is a somewhat similar problem with which Fate has confronted us. And the time is short.

I CHALLENGE SIR ARTHUR!

By SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

CONTINUING his investigations on behalf of "John Bull," Mr. Moseley tells of his interview with one of the leading lights of occultism. Convinced of the foolishness of the claims made, he issues a challenge to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

MRS. ANNIE JOHNSON, of Holland Park Road, Kensington, is a professional prophetess and is, in fact, one of the leading lights in occultism. For a guinea—it seems a popular figure among the cult—she told me I must go right ahead in my new business venture, that in my domestic affairs I must take a determined line, that my wife was sick and there would be a separation and that I *was* going right ahead! As a matter of fact, I am not, nor ever have been married.

Cheap! At any rate, Mrs. Johnson made up in quantity what she lacked in quality. She was in no hurry. I sat with her for more than an hour, so that her union rate is lower than among her sisters in the palmist line.

But, in order to keep up her estimate of me as a lover of truth and justice, I must chronicle the fact that most of this was occupied in telling me about her wonderful past.

She admits that she has many gifts, that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle came to seek her help in a recent mystery when she was able to discover the whereabouts of a missing boy, that the aged president of one of the biggest royal societies is her pupil, that she hears voices, sees visions and has been able to foretell the future with amazing accuracy.

The stage set

Certainly she sets the stage very appropriately. I was first of all shown into the music-room, where, thrown carelessly on to the table, were many spirit photographs. There was a beautiful Alsatian dog and the clairvoyant's robust, good-looking daughter. A book of poems of a religious flavour put me in the appropriate frame of mind.

Mrs. Annie Johnson herself, approaching middle age, is of noble, sympathetic countenance. And, lastly, the room into which she showed me was curtained off by restful green, rendered pleasant by the fragrance of incense, the miniature figures of the Saviour and a small table with crosses and religious images.

The solitary electric light is painted over with harmonious dark green, and a gas fire completes a cosy scene. I listen first of all to the gramophone playing the Prologue of Pagliacci and a song of reverence. I supposed that this was to create vibration—and impression.

Mrs. Johnson invites me to an armchair and sits opposite me. She asks for an article which I have worn and I am wondering what to give her when she herself suggests my wrist watch.

The hidden guides

The gas fire has been turned down to a flicker and in the semi-gloom I can see this remarkable woman, eyes closed, head bent, trying "to get into touch."

"Do you know the name of Jack—or Jacob?" I did not.

"Ah . . . they tell me John. Do you know John?" I did not.

She now describes my wonderful aura and certain figures—"spirit guides" who hover around me. One is that of an old, iron-grey-haired man and another dark young man who is also my spiritual guide. They really may be, but I certainly could not recognise them from her description.

She now tells me that one of her sitters was a man who had lost his wife. He was deeply distressed and he came to her accompanied by a clergyman.

"I was not only able to put husband and wife in touch, but the wife mentioned the clergyman's name and said he had performed the burial service! At the same sitting a school chum of the parson's came and the man of God was so impresssed that he preached a sermon on it."

One grateful sitter gave her £125, then £20 more and a further £20, which she expended in work among the poor.

If Mrs. Johnson's gifts had been similarly useful to me I should have been willing to give her £100 too, but neither she nor any other of Sir Arthur's disciples, have been able to be of the least use to me.

A magnetic leader

Mrs. Johnson mentioned at least fifteen Christian names of people who were supposed to be closely connected with me on this plane or in the spirit world. *Not one had any significance to me.*

I had to tell her again and again that I had no recollection of Clara, Mina, George and the rest. She explained this unfortunate state of affairs thus:

"You are such an important personality that you attract crowds of these spirit guides round you; you are meant to be a leader, a great force for humanity; I can see a door opening and you are being urged towards the entrance. I see shining tools—are you in any way connected with a big electrical undertaking?"

"No, Mrs. Johnson."

"Let me see."

She closed her eyes again and pressed my fragile wrist watch rather dangerously. "I see colours—bright, beautiful gowns. Are you in any way associated with an enterprise of this character?"

"I am afraid not, Mrs. Johnson."

The seer was a trifle nonplussed, so she asked me the date of my birth.

"Remarkable," she said, when I told her. "Do you know, you have as many gifts as I have? You are meant to do big things and to serve the world as I have—and you will do so."

The thing that mattered

Well, I think I am, in this series of articles. Entirely sympathetic as I am to her in her struggles in life and in her desire to help, I really think that only people with money to burn and whose strength of mind is such that they can listen to vague suggestions without being unduly influenced, should spend a guinea for listening to Mrs. Johnson's views of life.

For the purpose of this investigation I have visited several seers. All of them have told me of their astonishing successes with other people.

Not one, however, has had sufficient gifts to be able to say to me, "You are Mr. Sydney A. Moseley and you are investigating on behalf of JOHN BULL. Unless you are prepared to come in a frame of mind passive and sympathetic we cannot help you."

That would have been convincing and it would have been honest. But no! They all give me credit for having intelligence, brains and a critical faculty, and these I am entitled to use.

Mrs. Johnson is championed by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and she certainly could find no worthier gallant. Sir Arthur has challenged the Bishop of Liverpool, who denied the right of

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

spiritualists to make investigations, to point to any power God gave man which was in no circumstances to be used.

"Can he give any intellectual reason why God ever should give power to man and withhold permission to use it?" is Conan Doyle's sensible challenge.

Contradictory guesses

I turn the tables on Sir Arthur. I challenge him to give any reason why I should not use powers God gave me of exercising ordinary common-sense and intelligence in my investigations.

If Sir Arthur claims the right to use the power God gave him, why should he feel incensed with me when I have ventured in all honesty to exercise such gifts as God gave me?

The seers I have consulted have all made very wide guesses of my occupation, and they have all been contradictory. What happens is that when you give a clue by answering their leading questions they are able to follow this up.

When they ask you the exact date of your birth they are on safe grounds. The stars are supposed to give out certain influences the hour you are born, but you can get all this from a sixpenny book on astrology.

There are certain broad lines that enable any intelligent person to gauge the character and attributes of people. But to claim to be able to tell the future or to offer advice on the most intimate matters through the dark seances is a highly dangerous proceeding.

Frauds and humbugs

Whatever foundations there may be for believing that there is something in this branch of occultism, there can be little doubt that nobody knows enough about the matter to be able to use it for guiding the lives of people.

Fortune-tellers have confessed to me that crystal-gazing is unsatisfactory and uncertain. But if we believe in spiritual powers it is certain that the majority of these fortune-tellers are pathetic frauds or deliberate humbugs because they know very well that they are absolutely unable to use such powers.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle may be sure in his mind about these gifts, but does he sanction such services at a guinea a time?

BRANDED BY 'BUS TICKETS

by the Rev. THOMAS TIPLADY, H.C.F.

FOR many years both in Poplar and in North Lambeth our contributor has been engaged in religious and social work among the London poor. He was also chaplain to the London Territorials in the campaigns on the Somme and at Arras

SOMETHING is happening in London, and to a smaller extent in other cities, which has never happened before in the history of the world. In a hazy sort of way people know it is happening, but they do not really notice it or consider what effect it is going to have on the future life of England.

For some years now the rich people and the middle-classes have been removing themselves from the neighbourhood of the poor. They have founded suburbs at a respectable distance from them, and taken up their abode there. As a result there is now no fellowship between the rich and the poor or between the cultured and the ignorant.

The well-to-do people live together in the mass, and the poor live together in the mass. "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." The two classes do not meet, they do not know each other, and they do not understand each other.

They are like two armies one on each side of No Man's Land. They are not at war, neither are they at peace. There is an armistice between them, but no one knows how long it will last.

Terrible isolation

For the first time in the history of the world the poor have been isolated. The ancient civilisations were founded on slavery, but the masters and the slaves lived together on the same estate. The master knew his slaves and the slaves knew their master. They were interested in each other and there was some sort of human fellowship between them.

In the days before the American Civil War the negroes were slaves, but they lived on the same plantations as their masters, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" shows how close was the fellowship which sometimes sprang up between the white masters and the black slaves.

Even before the abolition of serfdom in Russia, the owners and the serfs lived together in the "village," and met one another daily. In England, fifty years ago, the rich and the poor lived in close proximity to one another. They lived together, worshipped together and worked together. They had fellowship one with another.

This state of things has now passed away. There has been a silent revolution. And this revolution has taken place as the result of modern inventions. It is the result of the train, the tram, the 'bus, the underground and the motor-car.

Improved locomotion has made it possible for the rich and middle-class to work in the city but live well outside it. The poor have been left behind. They are massed together in townships such as Poplar, Stepney, Shoreditch, Bermondsey and Lambeth.

The revolution which has taken place has been so silent and gradual that we are in danger of being lulled into a false sense of security.

The silent revolution

All revolutions begin in this silent manner. In France the feudal system slowly decayed and then, like a tree which has long been rotting, it fell into a river of blood. Slowly and almost imperceptibly the modern world made its impact on the previously inert masses of Russia.

The despotic form of government that prevailed in the time of Peter the Great remained unaltered. Suddenly the axe was laid at the root and the fall of the Government threw Russia into chaos.

The discovery of steam gradually brought about a revolution in England. It changed us from an agricultural to an industrial nation, and the population multiplied sevenfold. The people were divorced from the influences of Nature and they became town-dwellers. The Chartist movement arose and riots took place, but the danger passed.

A hollow mockery

Modern locomotion has brought us to another period of change, and difficult years lie ahead of the nation. After the industrial revolution rich and poor still lived together, worked together, and worshipped together. They understood one another's life and thought, and understanding made them patient and tolerant.

The new revolution has removed this safeguard. The very poor are massed together in slums. The better-paid workmen are massed together in new boroughs such as Tooting. The middle-classes are massed together in suburbs still farther out. And the rich have gone out farther still. The various classes live apart and develop sectional interests.

On the door of a church in Limehouse I have seen the words engraved in stone: "The rich and poor meet together. The Lord is the Maker of them all." Time has made these words a mockery. In none of the poor boroughs of London do the rich and poor ever meet together.

The price that is paid

The fellowship of worship has gone with the fellowship of habitation. Forty Nonconformist Churches have closed down in the East End during the last thirty years. In all our slum districts the churches are in a dilapidated condition and find it almost impossible to pay their way.

The developments in modern business have also widened the gulf between class and class. In the old days of small businesses the master knew his workmen and was known by them. To-day there are companies with a capital of £30,000,000.

Most of the shareholders in these companies do not know a single workman employed by them. Nor do they know the conditions under which their workmen are employed. There are businesses in which girls are so inadequately paid that they are tempted to augment their wages by going on the streets.

They work in West End shops by day and become familiar with luxury and pleasure and then, at night, have to return to squalid rooms in Poplar or Shoreditch.

When I lived in Poplar I often became so sick of the sordidness around me that I used to get on a 'bus and go up into Oxford Street in order to see beautiful shops and men and women well dressed.

What wonder if, at night, discontented with slum conditions and starvation wages, girls go back to the West End to the luxury they have seen by day, and are tempted to sell their virtue in return for nice dresses, well-served meals, theatres and concerts.

Only by the sacrifice of their virtue can they have companionship with the cultured and well-to-do classes, or spend their evenings in pleasant surroundings. Their brothers and would-be lovers see what is happening, and they feel a bitterness towards the upper classes such as was felt, before the French Revolution, by the poor towards the aristocracy who defiled their daughters.

The Rev. Thomas Tiplady

The class-consciousness of the poor is not due to the incitements of the Communists. It is due to the fact that all the "better class" people have forsaken them. They feel that they have been ostracised. They say: "We help to make the others rich, and then they forsake us. They only want our labour.

"They think we are a different kind of flesh and blood, and will have no social intercourse with us. We are 'not class enough' for them, but they do not mind taking our sisters and daughters when they are fresh and innocent. Then, when they have ruined them, they send them back to us to linger on in misery."

The last Liberal

What the poor want is social recognition and free, frank, open comradeship with their fellows in other classes. It is not poverty so much as wounded pride that brings revolution. When, in the early days of the French Revolution, men asked for bread, one of the aristocrats said, "Let them eat grass."

These words were an insult to their manhood, a denial of their humanity, and for saying them the speaker died hanging to a lamp-post. The poor ask for more money because they see that, to-day, only money will open the door for them into a larger social life. They see that their poverty is their destruction.

A few years ago the poor London boroughs returned Conservatives and Liberals to Parliament. Now they return only Socialists. North Lambeth still returns a Liberal, but it is only because he has given his whole life in service to the poor. But Frank Briant is the last Liberal they ever will return to Parliament. In a few years all the poor London boroughs will probably send Communists to Parliament.

Communists are being arrested, but Communism is not being arrested, nor will it ever be arrested while the slums of London stand.

COMPANY MEETING.

VICKERS LIMITED.

An extraordinary general meeting of the members of Vickers, Ltd., was held on December 17 at Montgomery Hall, Surrey Street, Sheffield, for the purpose of considering resolutions providing for the reduction of the capital and for certain alterations of the articles of association. Mr. Douglas Vickers, the Chairman of the Company, presided.

GENERAL REVIEW OF SITUATION.

He said that since the war the earning capacity of the Company's assets had been seriously reduced by shortage of armament work and by general bad trade, and intense competition, and that the same had to be said, almost without exception, of the assets of subsidiary companies; that there were certain possible liabilities which might fall on the Company; and that there was little or no prospect of the advances made to some of the subsidiaries being repaid.

The directors had realised that though dividends on the preference issues were fairly safe, the prospects for the ordinary shares were far from happy, especially taking into account the liabilities and possible losses to which he had referred, and they had thus decided to call in advice of the highest order from independent gentlemen whose opinions would be respected by all the business world.

Referring to the Advisers' report in some detail, the Chairman pointed out that the reserve fund disappeared. He also explained that by the reduction of the ordinary shares from £1 to 6s. 6d. the intrinsic value of the assets was not altered, and that each shareholder would continue to hold the same *pro rata* interest in the Company as now. The real basis of the alteration recommended was the estimate of future earning capacity. The Company had about 12 million ordinary shares, and if the amount available after providing for preference charges was £300,000, each share would be entitled to 6d., irrespective of whether it was reduced from £1 to 6s. 6d. or not. The advantage accruing to the ordinary shareholders from the alteration lay in the sweeping aside of all the liabilities hanging over them, thus making the profits distributable and not kept back to make up capital losses.

In respect of the elimination of waste in works management and production, a great deal had already been done. One of the advantages of the present scheme was that the board were now in a position to shut down plant and wind up subsidiary and affiliated enterprises, which did not, or were not likely to, contribute to the earnings of the Company. The Chairman confirmed the last paragraph of the report—namely, that the Company held over £2,000,000 of Government securities apart from the further large liquid resources held through subsidiary companies and not disclosed.

In concluding, he repeated that the alterations proposed had the support of the board, which included the three largest shareholders in the Company.

He formally moved the resolutions, which were seconded and carried.

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Words Winged to Women

SOME AWKWARD QUESTIONS

What Has Been Done in 1925

by MABEL HORNER

AT the close of the year we take stock. We examine accounts. Is the business we are engaged in profitable or is it being run at a loss? Shall we keep up the sign and re-dress the windows? or must we reluctantly close the doors and write "failure" across the portals?

These questions, vital in commercial life, are not less important in the realms of ethics and spiritual welfare. Especially are women—on whose shoulders rests the caring for the country's homes and children—entitled to ask if the maximum return is accruing to the nation for the effort they have been putting forth.

Certainly the cause of sex equality has advanced during 1925. The new Guardianship of Infants Act conferred upon the mother equal rights with the father of her child. Other gains to women are coming in the New Year when the new intestacy laws are put into operation.

In the past terrible hardships have often been inflicted upon wives and daughters where the husband and father died without making proper provisions and safeguards in his will. It is still incumbent upon every person with anything to leave to make a will in time of death. Unfortunately many people do not do so, so in future for their victims there will be safeguards.

The widow's right

The widow of a man who dies intestate will have the right to keep all his personal belongings, furniture and even carriages and motor-cars where these exist. If the value of the estate permits she can claim £1,000. The eldest son will count no more at law than the youngest daughter.

In other directions, in spite of express legal enactments, confusion of thought and old prejudices hinder women's progress to complete equality.

On the one hand, we have Mrs. Barbara Frances Wootton, at the age of twenty-eight, appointed principal of Morley College, an institution attended by 1,800 students of both sexes, and, on the other, Poole Corporation fighting the case of Mrs. Short through the High Court in order to maintain its ancient right of dismissing women teachers if they marry.

The real remedy for this is not the coercion of corporations to force them to keep teachers whom they have decided to dismiss; it lies in the better education of the electorate who are themselves the corporation's employers.

If a woman is a better guardian and a better teacher of little children because she is married, or if, like a man, her ability in that direction remains little affected by marriage, the parents of the children, who are the electing body, have the power to enforce progress through the ballot-box.

A lonely furrow

The same confusion persists in the employment of women police. The Chief Constable of Plymouth, ignoring the wishes of his most influential townsfolk, will have none of them; the Chief Constable of Newcastle-on-Tyne, newly appointed to his post and therefore more readily accessible to modern ideas, is advertising his need of their help.

The Bournemouth British Women's Temperance Association has passed a resolution and sent it to the mayor, believing the service of such officers would be of very great value.

In civic life women have made 1925 a notable year. Never have so many women occupied the aldermanic chair nor so many donned the robes of mayor.

But of women magistrates there are still all too few. At Yarmouth the other day when the appointment of still another male magistrate was notified the deputy mayor, Councillor Mrs. Ethel Leach, publicly protested. Her words are a fitting conclusion to this brief survey.

"For five years," said Mrs. Leach, "I have in this court ploughed a lonely furrow under difficulties no man can understand. How would one man like to sit alone with forty women magistrates, with no other man to sympathise with him, or to consult, when painful questions arise? It is in the interests of women and children that they should be tried by women."

Mrs. Barbara Frances Wootton, who will on January 1 take up her duties as Principal of Morley College

No time for rest

Mrs. Leach's protest is a sharp reminder that while in 1925 much has been achieved, in 1926 there must be no resting on laurels. The status of women and children is being raised. Ground is won painfully, inch by inch, by the bravery of pioneer women, by the courage of those who do not fear opposition and ridicule.

These are the pathfinders. These blaze the trail through the forests of old prejudices and ignorance. The least the rest can do is to widen the roadway, making it easier for the younger generation to find the city of freedom and happiness.

An Insult to Christmas

by DR. MARIE STOPES (*President of the Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress; Author of "Married Love"*)

THIS week we celebrate Christmas. More and more it is becoming a time of laughter and dancing, extravagance and gaiety—for parents and householders a time of tipping and expense, for children a time of gifts and parties; more and more depending on money and purchased extravagances rather than home-made, long-thought-of, simple pleasures.

But what does Christmas really mean? On what is it really based? The birth of Christ.

A BABY came into the world in human form, welcomed at the time of His birth by the Wise Men of the East, because He was to bring into the world a new spirit, a new revelation, a new link between God and man.

After the grown Christ had begun to speak to the people, much of His message dealt with children, and was full of consideration for them, yet, in Christ's name to-day, cruelties against children and their mothers are perpetrated.

Members of the Christian Church, some of the sections of the Church itself, while pretending to be the guardians of His message, condemn and hinder those who are trying to secure for children even the minimum that any Christian conscience, one would think, must demand that they should have.

DR. STOPES is writing a series of articles on topics of vital interest to women. She invites correspondence, and readers' queries addressed to her at this office will be dealt with as speedily as possible if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

Christ actually said: "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?" Yet some of the Churches are enraged by those who try to prevent human thistles from multiplying their kind.

"WOE unto those who place a stumbling-block in the way of these my little ones"! Let each one ask himself what greater stumbling-block could be placed in the way of Christ's children than drunken parents, filthy homes, swarming brothers and sisters, starved by mutual proximity in the mother's womb—all stumbling-blocks in the way of both body and spirit which ought to grow into a sweet, decent life?

Christ, Who blessed and graced with His presence the wedding feast, is misrepresented by some of His followers as having initiated a code of morality which despises the sex-life of husband and wife, and sets up celibacy and virginity as higher things.

Christ, Who said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me," is invoked by those whose code of hypocrisy and indecent shams have allowed millions of children to be born infected with loathsome diseases which could have been prevented had scientific knowledge been applied in time.

I WISH that Christ would come again, with the knotted lash for those now defiling His Temple.

The birth of the Babe is this week being celebrated in all our churches and homes. It remains but lip service so long as to some mothers babes come unaware and undesired.

Christmas time for every mother of a happy, healthy child, must bring with its joy and natural gaiety a stab of pain and a sense of responsibility towards Christ's other children, injured, degraded and warped by dogma-ridden mankind.

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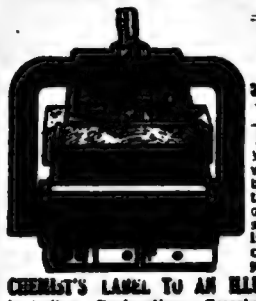

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If in regular employment appointed as Agents.
Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.
NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency invited
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

"CLUB BLACK" ENAMEL.
For all Household Uses, Cycles, Motors, etc.
DRIES IN 20 MINUTES.
In two sizes, 6d. and 1/-
From all Ironmongers, Stores, Cycle Agents and Garages, or direct from:—
SILICO ENAMEL CO., Warton Road, Stratford E.

Human Documents

A Woman's Conscience

The Crowning Folly—A Rotten Husband—Cruel Deceit

"I WONDER how many of your readers who were acclaimed as heroes during the war find themselves in the same perplexing position as I am in now?

"August, 1914, saw me mobilised as a reservist, and I crossed to France as a member of the 'Contemptible Army.' My unit was soon in action, and I had (as I thought then) the honour of being awarded a medal for gallantry in the field.

"When I visited my native town on leave I received a public welcome and was made a great fuss of, being feted as a hero and also made a freeman of the borough.

"Now, 'Humanist,' let me show you the other side of the medal. Back in civilian life again I am courting one of the sweetest girls imaginable.

"In the course of our evening walks our conversation has often turned on to the subject of the many murders which have occupied public attention of late, and the discussions regarding the responsibility and criminality of the murderers, and the curious arguments on the psychology of murder which have frequently followed in the Press.

"MY fiancée holds very decided views regarding the taking of human life in any circumstances, whether simple murder, the hangman carrying out his duties as the executioner of a sentence decreed by law, or the soldier killing his country's enemies in battle.

"She has told me more than once that she would look upon any man who destroyed a human life with horror and loathing.

"She is, of course, fully aware that I served throughout the campaign in France, and that I am the holder of several war medals, but, never having visited my home town, she does not know the details of my war record.

"You will realise my perplexity and anxiety when I tell you that one of my decorations was awarded to me, to use the words of the official notification, 'for killing single-handed three enemy machine-gunners.'

"FOND of me as I am sure she is, I cannot help fearing that if she knew the nature of my act of heroism the views she holds would compel her to dismiss me entirely from her mind as a prospective husband and one with whom she could share her life.

"It seems to me it is hardly playing the game not to enlighten her, and apart from that there is always the possibility that she will learn of my exploits from other sources and condemn me the more for my silence.

"Has ever a man been so embarrassed as the result of doing his duty? The medal which I cherished as a mark of honour has become in her eyes a stigma of murder!

"Can you tell me an honourable way out of this quandary, whereby I may continue to retain my fiancée's affection and respect?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I rather hope the time will come when all such honours will be regarded as the stigma of murder, and probably in your secret heart you take the same view. Meanwhile, if you explain to your fiancee that in killing you acted under compulsion in a double sense, seeing that had you done otherwise you would have been shot either as a shirker or by the enemy, I do not think she would prove so narrow-minded as to exclude you from her affections.*

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered by post. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first three letters printed.

Facing Consequences

"IN submitting this problem for your verdict I am thankful to heaven that it does not concern me personally. It has to do with a young fellow with whom I have been on friendly terms for many years.

"Five years ago his uncle, who owned and managed a fine business which he had built up by himself, was compelled by the state of his health to undergo a prolonged course of treatment in an institution.

"The choice of a person to manage and look after the interests of his business naturally fell upon this young fellow to whom I have referred, as he was not only a near relative, but had been trained in the business, and knew it from top to bottom.

"For a time all went well, but soon the easy handling of a lot of money proved too much for him. His position can easily be realised. Here he was in full control of the business, meeting other people on their level as master-men, though his salary was comparatively small.

"The desire to spend money as freely as they did and enter into their social circle was easily gratified. There was plenty of cash lying ready to his hand, and he used it freely.

"As might be expected, things soon went from bad to worse, and at last realising that he was getting himself into a serious position, he committed the crowning folly of going to a moneylender and borrowing money with which to make things look square and ship-shape for the auditors. This resource secured him a temporary respite, but now he is facing a crisis.

"The moneylender is pressing him for repayments, which he cannot possibly make, and, to make his case more desperate, he has received news that his uncle is now sufficiently recovered to leave the institution, and he is certain to be called upon shortly to give an account of his stewardship.

"His downfall seems imminent, and, terrified by the fear of exposure, he has confided in me. Must he take the consequences, or can you think of any way out?"

"HUMANIST" says: *People who do wrong must not imagine that it is ever possible entirely to avoid the consequences. The man must tell his uncle the truth and make the best terms with the moneylender. The latter's bargain may be harsh and unconscionable, but possibly the uncle, when his wrath has subsided, may be able to make better terms with him, so that open confession may be for the good of your friend's pocket as well as for his soul.*

"JOHN BULL'S"
XMAS GIFT TO YOU
CLOSES DEC. 31
Don't be too late. See page 2

WHEN I came out of the Army I was unemployed for a long time until in 1919 I met a girl who had a good position in a laundry, and she got me work there.

Selfish Dishonour

"I felt grateful to her and we became very friendly. Both of us being rather lonely we started courting, and this went on for about twelve months.

"During this time both her father and mother died and she was left alone to keep the home going and provide for her brother. The strain of this made her ill and she lost her job.

"I had courted her out of gratitude more than anything else, and out of pity I married her, for by then I realised that I did not love her.

"Ten months ago I met a girl and I seemed to fall in love with her as she did with me. I tried to remember my duty, and we kept away from each other until six weeks ago, when our feelings proved too strong for us, and we have been together a good deal since.

"I feel in the end I shall have to leave my wife, who is always worrying and miserable, and she makes me feel as bad as herself. We have no children.

"I love one I can't marry, and I live with one I married but can't love. Can you tell me what is best to be done?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Play the man and treat your wife properly instead of courting other women. I have a poor opinion of a woman who accepts your attention, knowing that you are neglecting the wife you swore to cherish.*

* * *

A Lazy Stepdaughter

"My mother has a stepdaughter nearly forty years of age, who goes to work when she likes and spends all she earns in amusements. When she feels disinclined to work she stays at home, and my mother has to feed her. How can she be compelled to go to work?"

"Humanist" says: *Your mother is not compelled to maintain a grown-up stepdaughter in such circumstances, and if this selfish creature will not pay reasonably for her board and lodging, she should be told to find another home.*

Worried by a Name

"I have recently been informed by neighbours that the people whom I have always regarded as my parents adopted me as an infant, and that I have no right to their name. The latter refuse to enlighten me. As I hope to get married shortly, I should be glad if you would tell me what name I should use."

"Humanist" says: *You would be doing nothing wrong in getting married in the name by which you are generally known, and stating your parentage as you have been told it by the people whom you call father and mother.*

Bilking an Unmarried Mother

"Seven years ago, the son of a prominent tradesman was ordered to pay 10s. weekly for fourteen years in respect of my child. After a few weeks, I had a letter from his solicitor offering £130 down, and advising me to accept it, as his client was practically dying. I have just heard that he is living in another town, and has recently declared that he never felt better in his life."

"Humanist" says: *You were induced to accept over £230 less than the father would otherwise have had to pay. You should ask the court to reopen the matter on the grounds that you accepted the offer as the result of misrepresentation.*

MEET THE BROWNS!

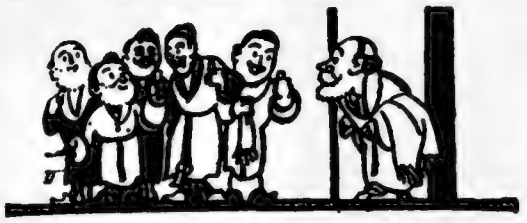
On these pages you will see how the Brown Family are spending Xmas week. Being sensible folk, they are all firm believers in advertised goods and especially in those advertised in "John Bull." Their preferences should prove of considerable interest and help to all other readers of "John Bull." Compare their list with your own.

Something like a Jolly Xmas!

TRY THIS NEW GAME.

Here is a game in which any number of people can take part. After providing each player with paper and pencil, let someone read aloud the doings of the Brown Family. The players are then required to write down from memory the names of the various articles, etc., mentioned. *It's up to Dad to award prizes for the most complete and accurate lists.*

First thing in the morning the menfolk all meet in the bathroom and discover that five out of the six use COLGATE'S RAPID SHAVE CREAM. (The exception is Grandpa. He wears a beard.) "No tender skins with COLGATE'S," says Mr. Brown, smiling all over his face. "Doesn't dry on the chin," says Uncle John. "COLGATE'S is IT!" say the rest in chorus.

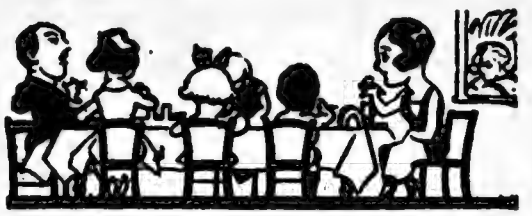


A cup of steaming-hot BOVRIL all round at 11 o'clock is an invariable rule in the Brown household—and a very good rule, too, you'll agree. It keeps out the cold, ensures good circulation, and gives bodies, both young and old, just the nourishment needed to tide over the hours between breakfast and lunch—often the most strenuous hours of the day.

'Bobby'—the dog—isn't forgotten. "Go easy with the scraps and tit-bits" is Mr. Brown's rule. "Dogs will be dogs," says he, "and given the chance will eat more than is good for them. See that 'Bobby' has his SPRATT'S 'MEAT FIBRINE' DOG CAKES regularly, then he can't come to any harm. Spratt's are toothsome and wholesome—your best pal's best pal."

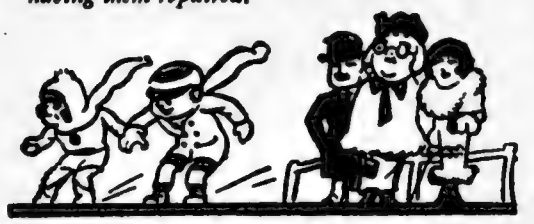
"I see you've got bright new curtains and chair-covers," remarks Granny; "just a wee bit extravagant, eh?" "Not a bit of it," replies Mrs. Brown proudly. "They're simply the faded ones you saw last summer, made like new again with good old DRUMMER DYES. I don't know what this house would be like without the dependable 'Drummer'!"

At breakfast POST TOASTIES are the order of the day—the ready-toasted double-thick Indian Corn Flakes, so crisp and tasty and full of nourishment. The Browns swear by POST TOASTIES—and small wonder, for they are as nice as they are nourishing and they stay crisp in cream or milk right up to the moment of eating, while they cost but 9d. per large packet.



You will not be surprised to learn that all the Browns wear "DRI-PED," the super-leather for soles.

"Dri-ped" leather soles keep the feet bone-dry," says Mrs. B., "and last at least twice as long as the best ordinary leather soles." "Look for the purple diamond," is always Mr. B.'s motto when buying boots or shoes and having them repaired.



Mother calls for an interval between games and, amid cheers, introduces the STONE'S GINGER WINE. "Now then," she says, "All together! Sip it! Drink it! Drain it!" And they need no second bidding. Everybody loves Stone's—the original ginger wine, famous since 1740. Wholesome and stimulating—a real "Christmasy" drink!

"Now children," says Mrs. Brown, "how will you amuse yourselves?" "Santa Claus gave me a Dean's Painting Book," says Betty. "I've got a lovely Dean's Book all about engines," says Tommy, and even baby coos with delight at having a Dean's Rag Book to play with. Father says: "Thank goodness—now we shall have a little peace!"

"This," says Mrs. Brown, "is INSTANT POSTUM, and I want you all to taste it." . . . The general verdict is "Delicious!" and everybody asks for more. INSTANT POSTUM is acknowledged to be the best-liked food-beverage in the world. Made from roasted whole wheat, bran and a little sugar-cane molasses, this delicious drink cannot harm the system.—and a 45-cup tin costs only 1/7.

When Uncle Will arrives they all know what to expect! Uncle William knows what's good for children, and always comes along with a big tin of MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE-DE-LUXE. The children and the grown-ups, too, enjoy the distinctive flavour of this, the most delicious and most wholesome sweet the world has ever known.

"My dear," says Granny, "you seem to have gas stoves all over the house!" "Well," replies Mrs. Brown, "we have and we haven't. That's the same stove you saw in the nursery and again in the breakfast-room. It's a WELSBACH "HANDIHEATER," and can be moved quite easily and safely from room to room." "I must certainly get one," says Granny.

'Jolly glad I gave the Wireless Set these MULLARD VALVES for a Christmas Box," says Brown. "What a difference! This is Manchester we're getting now, and it's coming in as clear and strong as 2LO used to with ordinary valves. And only 8/- each! MULLARD, the Master Valve, for me, every time!"

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners:

(*Continued from page* 35)

Gate, Doncaster; E. H. Forster, 10, St. Nicholas Rd., Thorne, Nr. Doncaster; G. Friday, 48, Rolle St., Exmouth; S. George, Sunnyside, Quest Hills, Malvern Link; J. H. Gourlay, 49, Sloane St., Brook's Bar, M/c.; P. H. Griffiths, 63, Adair Rd., Portsmouth; A. E. Hawley, 350, Uttoxeter Rd., Longton; Mrs. Herbert, 4, Gladstone Rd., Uppr. Parkstone; C. C. Herbert, 20, Market St., Haverfordwest; Mrs. M. Hulse, 41, Excall Gdns., Wellington, Salop; F. Humberstone, 56, Ladysmith Rd., Grimsby; Mrs. Insull, 5, Trafalgar Rd., Blackpool; B. Isaac, 4, Yew Tree Villas, Highley, Nr. Kidderminster; T. Jones, Ramsden Bellhouse, Billericay; H. Joy, Birtley Rd., Bramley, Guildford; Mrs. A. Key, 20, North Drive, Gt. Yarmouth; B. King, 14, King's Parade, Cambridge; Rev. G. Kingston, Clogher, Co. Tyrone; V. Lane, 10, Fore St., Teignmouth; J. B. Latham, 17, Towton St., Harpurhey; J. Leith, 18, Courtenay Rd., Walthamstow; Miss F. De Leon, 79, Nelson Rd., Hornsey; J. Lindley, Station St., Misterton, Doncaster; A. Mackie, 3, Parkview Cotts., Kirkcaldy; J. D. MacGregor, 4, Queen St., Stirling; R. Miller, 27, Royle St., Northwich; J. Moriarty, c/o. Mrs. O'Flaherty, Main St., Dingle; Miss A. North, 42, Cameron St., Leeds; W. J. Nunn, 15, Ashburton Rd., Southsea; Miss D. Pearce, 68, Gordon Rd., Fleetwood; A. J. Pennell, c/o. Mrs. Pitt, Salisbury House, Harwich; G. Pickett, Mill House, Witney; W. Read, The Quadrant Club, Coventry; S. L. Reid, 121, Rendlesham Rd., Clapton; J. T. Robinson, 260, Whitfield Rd., Scotswood; J. E. Robley, 22, McBride St., L'pool.; D. Rollo, 75, Dinart St., Riddrie, Glasgow; R. Ruthven, 1, Shore, Leith; W. T. Sanders, 18, Granville Rd., Fallowfield, M/c.; I. Sands, 180, Crookesmoor Rd., Sheffield; F. G. Scarisbrick, 27, Ladywell Park, Lewisham; J. Sennett, 18, Bankhouse, Pudsey; P. H. Sherman, The Street, Whitton, Ipswich; J. Simm, c/o. The Grange, Hindley; S. Smythe, 1, Hanover Park, Peckham; Mrs. E. W. Sparrow, 2, Alexandra Rd., Stockton Heath; H. W. Stooke, 6, Reading St., Swindon; C. Styne, Alrewas, Burton; G. W. Thompson, 10, Sandringham Ave., Newcastle; A. Tough, 37, Union Grove, Aberdeen; Mrs. M. Tyndall, 160, Clare Rd., Grangetown, Cardiff; W. Walker, "1" Division, Central Telegraph Office, E.C.; B. H. Walters, Syerston, Newark; W. C. Waterman, 34, Clapton Sq., Clapton; Mrs. E. Whichello, High St., Brill; F. Wilde, c/o. Mrs. Biggs, 12, Ruvigny Gdns., Putney; C. E. Williams, Coombe Cotts., Tenterden, Kent; E. E. Williams, 11, Lyric Rd., Barnes, S.W.; H. Williams, 5, Plasycoed Cwymgiedd, Ystradgynlais; W. J. Williams, 12, York Pl., Carlisle; Mrs. E. Wilson, 47, Ivy Leigh, Tue Brook, L'pool.; J. B. Wylie, 17, Auchenharvie Rd., Stewarton.

List of 150 10/- and 200 7/6 Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 584 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 583 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

Were You Right?

D	O	W	N		A	C	R	I	D		P	O	N	D
U		R	O	U	G	H		N	E	V	I	S		A
M	O	A	T		L	A	N	C	E		B	L	A	B
A	P	P	A	R	E	L		O	D	O	R	O	U	S
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L	E	E	R		D	E	I	S	M		L	E	A	F

Solution to the Cross-word puzzle published in our last issue.

Our Letter Parliament

Penny-Wise Politicians

The Parson's Pharmacy—Pension "Limpets"—"John Bull" Leads

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A Women's Fight

The article by the Rev. Thomas Tiplady must surely touch all women, both high and low. To drive children away from schools, where they are taught cleanliness and manliness, where they have the opportunity to play and live in a clean atmosphere, out into the streets, by cutting down the grant towards cost, is criminal. Housing conditions in most industrial districts are fearful; why make them worse? Let the women use their votes and fight for their children; then we shall have "health and happiness" instead of "war and cripples."—*J. K., Rochdale.*

Where Axe is Needed

I would like to bring Lord Eustace Percy and a few more of his class to this neighbourhood, and put them in the place of hundreds of mothers and fathers who will be hard hit by the latest economy stunt. If money has to be saved, let Mr. Baldwin recall Mr. Amery from Mosul, where millions are being wasted, instead of robbing poor children of their start in life.—*Disgusted, Upton Park.*

The Mother's Help

It will be a sin if the nursery schools are abolished. Not only are the kiddies kept safe, but they are prepared for school proper, learning habits of obedience, cleanliness, etc., and they are a boon to overworked mothers. No one who knows anything of slum life can fail to note the difference in children, both mentally and morally, after they start school. Nursery schools should be continued, and any efforts to abolish them should be fought strenuously.—*Northlight, Sheffield.*

The Heavenly School

Good old Thomas Tiplady! In the West Riding we know him for no kid-glove parson, and his article on the misdoings of Lord Percy has shown us that he has not lost his old pugnacity. Sad though it may be, it is quite true that school is heaven to a lot of children and home hell. By reducing the grant Lord Percy is taking away the little sun that brightens the drab lives of the slum children. If we are to have economy, let us have it at the expense of the mighty and not of the mites.—*J. A. B., Rastrick.*

Making Atheists

Of a lord who attemps to justify a cruel action of the Government, the Rev. Thomas Tiplady says, "He will make Communists faster than the Home Secretary can arrest them." I fear that he may make Atheists when we recall the effects of the social evils of the early nineteenth century, when a patient weaver who said, "Surely God Almighty will help us soon," received the bitter retort, "Talk to us no more about thy God Almighty; there isn't one!" History repeats itself. Let the Government, therefore, give our children houses that are homes and education that is generous. —*Discipulus, Sunderland.*

Glib Ignorance

What does Lord Eustace Percy know of the poorer children's homes that he should so glibly say that they are better at home. If he had to live and spend the bulk of his time in a room, where all the washing, ironing, cooking, etc., had to be done, and have his meals there, he would alter his opinion. It would, as the Rev. Thomas Tiplady says, do him and those who share his views all the good in the world to be forced to live for a time in the slums.—*Poplar, Derby.*

Practical Goodwill

I am afraid the army of unemployed and the low-wage workers will have to be content with a sigh this Christmas. Mr. Baldwin's peace and goodwill prayer sounds all right, but it won't fill empty stomachs. Instead of words, I suggest that the industrial magnates pay full wages this Christmas, thereby showing practical goodwill towards their more unfortunate brethren. Thus the workers will be able to help their unemployed friends to have a merrier time.—*Yorkey, Brighouse.*

Tommy as Bobby

Tact and the understanding of men are essential to the successful policemen; but why waste the taxpayers' money by training raw youths from the hills and misty isles? Each month hundreds of well-tried men with excellent characters leave the forces on a small pension. Make the posts thus becoming vacant available well-behaved ex-Servicemen. By doing so, we are partly discharging our obligation to the ex-Servicemen, getting a more efficient police force, and saving the taxpayers' money.—*N. Precious, Glasgow.*

Posers for a Parson

As an admirer of the average parson I would like to say that parsons have a job on hand. Talk about posers; to-day the average parson has his church pews filled with them, and to please them all each sermon would need to have a dose of stimulant, a tonic, a drug, a dope, a pill, and a few sleeping powders.—*J. H., Bolton.*

Mine Dangers

I read with interest your account of the dangerous practice of allowing boys of fifteen to be in charge of engines down the coal pit. Many boys of fourteen are in charge of engines, and in many cases have only had one shift in which to learn how to drive. Not only the rope-hand, but men passing to and from their work are also in danger. With such conditions as these one cannot wonder at the large number of accidents.—*Miner, Rotherham.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"HALTWHISTLE ECHO":—"The opportunity of hearing these talented local SINNERS will doubtless be accepted."

"ISLE OF WIGHT CHRONICLE":—"The bride wore a cinnamon BROWN costume with a BLUE hat to MATCH."

"STAR":—"At Hereford Assizes to-day a local County Councillor was found not guilty of APPLAUSE."

"BOYS' CINEMA":—"Will you kindly tell me the average AGE and height of a boy of EIGHTEEN?"

"PLYMPTON DISTRICT TIMES":—"After the opening ceremony the daughter of the secretary presented Miss . . . . with a BANQUET."

"WESTERN EVENING HERALD":—"He discovered hidden in different places a massive silver dish, several silver plates, a heavy brass-topped inkstand and other VEGETABLES."

Too Much Reporting

Seven years have elapsed since the war and still we have a whole host of "limpets" (otherwise called officials) in the Ministry of Pensions, together with a vast number of medical boards. The main idea of these is to scrap pensions, or else to put the pensioner to the trouble of reporting as frequently as possible. Why cannot a final examination take place of each case and let the permanent disabled man know where he stands, and then the "limpets" could be disbanded.—*T. F. Brown (for many others), Leeds.*

"John Bull" First.

In September, 1922, an article appeared in JOHN BULL advocating "Arbitrate First!"—a pledge for Good Europeans. By 1925, John Galsworthy, the Bishop of London, Sir Philip Gibbs, the Right Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., Sir Oliver Lodge, H. G. Wells, and a host of other leaders of political and religious thought had endorsed the same idea. Your journal has every right to say, "What we publish to-day, the world echoes to-morrow."—*Hon. Secretary, A.F.B., 107, Ladbroke Road, W.11.*

The Bread Ramp

I have had to pay to-day 5½d. for a 2-lb. loaf, nearly war-time price. Why does the Ministry allow this profiteering to go on? It does not know what hunger is, and we old folk, not strong enough to work, yet not old enough for the pension, can semi-starve. We are told there is the workhouse, but when one has lived a thrifty, self-respecting life, the thought is not to be borne, and I would rather die, as would others.—*Hopeless, Sussex.*

A Good Example

JOHN BULL has over a million certified sales weekly. It would be a good lift to the "Greatest of These—" Fund if every reader who could afford it would send a shilling to the fund as a Christmas offering. A shilling is not much, but, when multiplied by thousands, amounts to a considerable sum. I have sent my shilling, hoping other readers will do likewise.—*F. McDonough, Bacup.*

The Doctor's Ban

Being a cripple I have taken interest in the actions of the General Medical Council. I see that the bone-setters are trying to urge members of Parliament to make it legal for them to be registered. I should be walking as I used to do a year ago if one of these clever men could have had a doctor to give me an anæsthetic. The poor law hospital advised cutting the foot after the blunder they had made in setting it, but have been advised by one of the bone surgeons that it is not necessary.—*Amy Treverton, Brockley.*

The Poor Litigant

Earl Russell's article, "Justice for Poverty Court," deals with a question that has often been brought before the public in your paper. There seems to be only one way out of the "one law for the rich and another for the poor" difficulty, and that is a complete overhauling of the Poor Persons' Department. A man must be very poor before he can obtain legal assistance from that direction, and then, as JOHN BULL has stated before, that department is giving too much attention to divorce cases and too little to the man presenting an ordinary case to the court.—*S. A. W., London*

The Helping Hand

DO YOUR BIT NOW—DON'T WAIT!

When sending your Donation, please mention "The Helping Hand."

A Christmas appeal for F.M. EARL HAIG'S BRITISH LEGION FUND

for

Ex-Service Men, their Dependants, Widows, and Orphans.

Following is an extract from the Report of "THE TIMES" Special Commissioner after full investigation into all the activities of the British Legion:

> **"The real service which the Legion renders is in the putting of men on their feet when they are nearly beaten, finding them employment, saving their self-respect, giving them advice and fighting their claims for them, caring for the tubercular and the nervous wrecks, helping to educate the orphan children, looking after widows' pensions, keeping homes together and hearts from utterly sinking."**
>
> **—"*The Times*," 18/2/1925.**

Honour the dead and help the living this Christmastide—

SEND A DONATION—HOWEVER SMALL

Cheques should be made payable to Earl Haig's Fund and addressed to Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal, Room 37, 26, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

"If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields."

—Courtesy of "Punch."

RH

BLINDED but HAPPY

Over two full battalions of soldiers, sailors and airmen who lost their sight in the War which saved the Empire, are to-day happy and useful citizens again.

St. Dunstan's training and care, and their own pluck and grit, have won this "Victory over Blindness."

Pay your tribute to both this Christmas by sending a donation to St. Dunstan's, which has promised these gallant men life-long care.

Address:

"HELPING HAND," THE TREASURER, ST. DUNSTAN'S HEADQUARTERS, INNER CIRCLE, REGENT'S PARK, LONDON, N.W. 1.

(St. Dunstan's is registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920.)

The Christmas Gift that comes first.

Send a donation to the Royal Northern Hospital. There abide sick men, women and children of one of the poorest districts in London, many in pain, who must spend "Christmas in Hospital." By your aid the patients may achieve permanent health—many "happy Christmases" instead of a marred and dreary life.

Your gift to the Royal Northern Hospital is the gift that comes first.

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL.

Donations large or small will be gratefully acknowledged by Gilbert G. Panter, Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

The East End Mission

(Founded 1883) is giving

10,000

of Stepney's poorest children

A TREAT THIS CHRISTMAS.

EACH child enjoys a long entertainment chooses a toy, and receives a parcel of Xmas Goodies.

2/- pays for one child.
10/- pays for five children.
£1 pays for ten.

Please send to:

Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH,
East End Mission,
583, Commercial Rd., London, E.1

"The Helping Hand"

finds true expression through the many agencies of

THE SALVATION ARMY

familiarly known as

"THE ARMY OF THE HELPING HAND"

14,000,000 meals and
9,000,000 beds supplied last year.

Please help succour

DESTITUTE, COLD and HUNGRY MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

by sending a Christmas Gift NOW to:—

GENERAL BOOTH,
101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

OUR CHILD.

SAVE BRITISH CHILDREN FIRST!

Over 10,000 really needy Youngsters are helped by the London Central Mission with six centres of work in the heart of London.

Is it to be

Bitter WINTER or Happy XMAS

for them?

Like storm-tossed vessels coming into port, these hungry, under-clothed little Britons look to us for whatever food and happiness we can give them.

We look to YOU

Picture your own child. Then think of the privations, the sufferings of these in such bleak, wintry weather. We do not want a single boy or girl to go short of food and clothing this Christmas, but thousands will unless You help.

A donation of £1 pays for food and presents for 10 children, or 2/- makes one child happy for Xmas. Gifts in cash or goods—old or new clothes—will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

Won't you help us bring happiness to these little sad hearts? Do answer—do send something to-day.

YOUR CHILD.

Rev. Percy Inesen,
St. John's Square, Clerkenwell, E.C.1.
Bankers: Midland Bank, Westminster.

ESTABLISHED 29 YEARS.
WHITE, FISHER & CO.
144m, WEST REGENT ST., GLASGOW.

FOOTBALL
INSURE YOUR WINNINGS BY BECOMING A "WHITEFISHERITE"
7 LEAGUES 6 LISTS
NOTHING BARRED.
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
Applicants from London & District can call or write:
SCEPTRE HOUSE,
169-173, Regent Street, London.

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No Limit. Weekly A/cs.
We pay all postage.
ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.
WE NEVER QUIBBLE.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO!
DAVID COPE
AND
ALFRED H. MAURICE
25, North Albion St., Glasgow, C.1
Business as usual during the Jumping Season.
Letter Commissions. No Limit.
DAILY SETTLEMENTS.
Winnings by return of post.
For Credit Accounts only apply to—
DAVID COPE, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

"SAFETY FIRST!!"
ALFRED H. MAURICE
OFFERS FREE
£250
WEEKLY FOR
NAMING FOUR TEAMS
CHALLENGER Credit Coupons
NOTHING BARRED.
NOTHING STARRED.
A Few Vacancies for Agents.
Send at once for particulars.
ALFRED H. MAURICE
THE FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANT,
19, BRIDE LANE, E.C. 4.

Ginger up the Jumpers!

Holiday Racing—More Betting Forecast Bunkum—Mounted Doctors to the Rescue—Tim's 100 Races?—Mr. Macomber's Plans for 1926

IF that ominous little statement, "The stewards inspected the course, and decided to abandon the meeting," continues to crop up with such monotonous regularity, punters will be going on the dole. One remarked to me last week that he'd been bitten by the French in the spring, bitten by the bookies all the summer, and now acute frost-bite was nibbling at his pocket.

Betting on Meetings being Abandoned

I happen to know that many professional backers and even layers are insuring themselves against a frost of another sort by betting on the contingency of a particular meeting being abandoned, and there are even folk who lay odds against the Grand National being run in March. It would be lamentable if the worst fears were realised, but the possibility is always there now that it seems we are in for a hard winter.

Holiday Racing

The racing over the Festive Season and particularly the New Year will put a little ginger in the game. Half a dozen meetings are scheduled on Boxing Day, the most important being Kempton and Cheltenham. Follow Frank Hartigan's and Captain Powell's horses at Kempton, and anything Newey runs at Cheltenham.

Manchester's Big Meeting

The New Year opens with the important meeting at Manchester, at which the two "Victory" races—instituted after the war—are decided. The Victory 'Chase takes place on the 1st, and the Victory Hurdle on the following day. It usually pays to follow Coulthwaite and the horses sent over from Ireland for these events.

Springers and Betting Bunkum

The truth of my last week's notes concerning "springers" and betting forecast bunkum was rammed home at the Hurst Park meeting. I knew that Inverveigh was going to be heavily backed to win the Strawberry Hill Hurdle Race, and consequently coded the four-year-old. On paper, before the race, Inverveigh was a long-shot.

Not Tipped by One Daily

He was not tipped in any of the dailies nor was he included in the betting forecast, yet, in spite of the fact that Polizei, the unlucky Newbury loser, and the much-boomed Tom Pinch were runners, his starting price was 3 to 1. Inverveigh won by ten lengths. I was very pleased, as my other code selection, Cloth of Gold, had won the 2.30 and Nightingall's "rookie" landed a nice 10 to 1 double.

The Latest—Mounted Doctors

The Hurst Park executive wants a bit of beating for up-to-date ideas. I noticed that they were employing a mounted doctor. This medical gentleman's hack was able to keep in close touch with the fields in order that first aid could be rendered quickly when spills took place. Benny Glow came to grief at a hurdle, and brought down six other horses, and as a result the doctor had a busy time. The innovation is an excellent one.

One More for One Hundred

That gallant old fourteen-year-old 'chaser, Tim, received a great ovation from the Windsor crowd for the fight he put up against Fitzpiclon. He could not overhaul Goby's gelding, but he left a field of comparative youngsters toiling in the rear. The first time I saw Tim was at Plumpton several years ago. A professional backer told me that he had come to the meeting specially to back the gelding as he jumped like a cat and was on the job. Tim is still a fine fencer, but Anno Domini has taken the edge off his speed. At the moment of writing—I put it like this because one never knows when he is going to be out again—the old warrior has taken part in ninety-nine races under N.H. rules, and he has been placed sixty-seven times. I think this puts Ned Carver well in the shade.

Handicapping French Horses

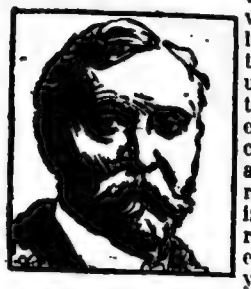
My French correspondent tells me that the commotion caused over there by loose talk on this side about special handicapping of French horses is dying down. Enquiries were set on foot officially to see what foundation there was for the suggestion, and I am glad to learn that the French authorities are quite satisfied that there never was any thought of giving instructions to handicappers to place French horses at the top of handicaps in future. They are to be handicapped on their form only, and steps will be taken to enable handicappers to keep more in touch with French form.

Forseti and Masked Marvel

One man who refused to be frightened by the talk of harsher treatment for French horses was Mr. A. K. Macomber. He tells me that with him it was to be business as usual next year, no matter what might be done. Forseti is to be entered for the Great Metropolitan and the Chester Cup, and also for the Ascot Stakes and Alexandra Stakes. Masked Marvel and The Sirdar will figure in the Spring Handicaps.

Youngsters Run Too Soon.

The question of the superiority of French stayers is still causing interesting discussions. I gather from D'Abernon's recent speech at the annual dinner of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association that he is of the opinion that we shall not hold our own against the invaders until we adopt their rule which does not allow a two-year-old to take part in races until June. Minor two-year-old events in France commence in June and the bigger races for juveniles in August. This rule, of course, ensures that a youngster is well-developed before being raced, but I do not think that it is the deciding factor. Very few of our cracks make their appearance early, and they are not overworked.



Lord D'Abernon, President of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK.

MISCONDUCT will probably win the three-and-a-half miles 'chase at Kempton on Boxing Day. Captain Powell's charge would have won before now but for abandoned meetings.

IBSTOCK.—They think a lot of this young 'chaser at Findon. He has improved a lot since passing into Robert Gore's hands.

GLEN ANDRED.—Don't forsake Cundell's six-year-old because he was beaten by Zarane. A year or so ago Zarane would have carried 12 st. 7 lb. in a race of this description and not 11 st. 6 lb. Glen Andred will win at a decent price before long.

WANDERING MONK will be one of Nightingall's Saturday specials.

Don't miss READING next time out.

TOP LIGHT was a useful 'chaser last year. He has not been seen out recently owing to a coughing epidemic which has run through Hastings' stable. The grey is one to follow consistently.

SOUND ASLEEP lived up to his name at Windsor. In fact, he was practically left at the post. He will be one of De Winton's long-priced winners before long.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Upon a race-course one fine day
I heard a loud-voiced tipster say:
"Of course, I don't know what'll win,
"But I've been trying with a pin.
"And if you pay me half-a-crown
"I'll show you where the pin came down."

I heard a trainer tell a man
"Our 'nap' will be an also ran.
"Put all the money you are able
"On the outsider from our stable.
"And if he wins it as advised
"We shall not be a bit surprised!"

I heard a bookie gaily laugh,
And treat me to some friendly chaff.
"The fav' rite's walked it! What a joke!
"Have a cigar!" . . . And, then, I woke.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle, Mid-day Sporting Post, Western Mail, Glasgow News Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

2 M U H T E J C W X V O Z Q

A L R F K Y N P B I 3 S G D

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

QSRWMYPF2JPY would read DOUBLE CHANCE.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, December 23, to Tuesday, December 29.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Aston Villa, Preston, Plymouth, Airdrie, Glasgow Rangers, Derby.

5 HOME.—Aston Villa, Newcastle, Derby, Halifax, Plymouth.

4 HOME.—Everton, Preston, Northampton, Falkirk.

3 AWAY.—Accrington, Merthyr, Celtic.

3 DRAWS.—Bolton v. Manchester U., Hartlepools v. Ashington, Hearts v. St. Mirren.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Aston Villa, Preston, Sheffield Wednesday, Bury, Swansea.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—West Bromwich, Nelson, Wolverhampton v. Oldham.

FORECASTS FOR JANUARY 2.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Bury, Cardiff, Liverpool, Manchester U., Sheffield U., Tottenham, West Bromwich.

AWAY WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Notts County.

DRAWS.—Birmingham v. Sunderland, Newcastle v. Bolton.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Derby, Middlesbrough, Notts Forest, Port Vale, Preston, Southampton, South Shields.

AWAY WINNER.—Sheffield Wednesday.

DRAWS.—Bradford C. v. Chelsea, Stockport v. Stoke.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, Durham, Lincoln C., New Brighton, Rotherham, Southport, Wigan.

AWAY WINNERS.—Grimsby, Rochdale.

DRAWS.—Crewe v. Nelson, Halifax v. Chesterfield.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdare, Brighton, Bristol R., Millwall, Northampton, Norwich, Swindon.

AWAY WINNERS.—Reading, Gillingham.

DRAWS.—Luton v. Merthyr, Southend v. Plymouth.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Airdrie, Celtic, Hibs., Kilmarnock, Motherwell, Glasgow Rangers, St. Mirren.

AWAY WINNER.—Dundee.

DRAWS.—Raith R. v. Hearts.

To be Up-to-Date in Racing
Get a Copy of
"The Sporting Life and Sportsman's"
ANNUAL SUMMARY OF PAST RACING.
Price 2/6 at all Newsagents.

Smoke

Phillips'

Empire

Pure Leaf

scented

7d per oz.

"Be Sure it's Phillips"

Godfrey Phillips Limited, London.

Nerve Breakdown

When the first nervous symptoms appear take Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They will restore you to perfect health.

Mrs. M. J. Hinde.

Mrs. Martha Jane Hinde, of 1, Rock Street, Middlesbrough, says :—"For a year after my husband's death I suffered from severe nervous breakdown; indeed I was a complete wreck and could not go about my work. My troubles played on my mind. I suffered from severe indigestion. Although I had treatment I did not improve. Then I took Dr. Cassell's Tablets and they worked like magic. I am now as well as ever I was."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	**Neuritis**	**Indigestion**	**Sleeplessness**
Children's Weakness	**Anæmia**	**Wasting**	**Neurasthenia**
Kidney Weakness	**Headache**	**Palpitation**	**Nerve Pains**

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3; Family Size 3/-
Sold only in sealed packages at all Chemists and Stores.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

After all — old friends are best!

Wills's

GOLD FLAKE CIGARETTES

10 for 6d
20 for 1/-

Made entirely of Virginia Tobacco

W. D. & H. O. WILLS.
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

W.185

John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

IF you continue to be worried about some difficulty and fail to seek the best method to overcome the trouble, put bluntly, it is your own fault.

"John Bull's" Free Advice Service was founded to provide its readers with the best counsel to be had.

All you need do is to send particulars, with stamped addressed envelope, and your case will receive the consideration of experts.

P. P. (Hove).—"When are the best conditions for a man to marry?" When he's single.

S. T. (Oxford).—"She's a stenographer and thinks she's very smart." She's used to taking the boss down.

M. L. (Bradford).—"I make a three-figure income out of fowls." You're evidently on the right lay.

B. R. (Weymouth).—"My cat is as knowing as I am." Why disparage the poor animal?

B. L. N. (Campton).—"A doctor has to go out in all weathers." And yet most of his jobs are inside ones.

A. T. (Goodmayes).—"Potatoes are too dear." The middleman nips us in the spud.

S. J. (Pimlico).—"I'll call on you in my car." There are no trams in Long Acre.

G. P. (Dunoon).—"What will solve France's money problem?" A franc discussion might help.

ASTRONOMER (Ely).—"Stars grow heavier with age." Especially the prima-donna.

F. M. S. (Bradford).—"Regarding Russian boots——" Nobody can help regarding them these days.

T. L. (Chester).—"Is skating an exercise?" Oh, yes; as well as a sedentary occupation.

F. J. (Liverpool) —My fiancé has a stiff neck. What will cure it?" Flatter him. That'll turn his head.

P. L. (Maida Vale).—"A friend gave my son a jazz band outfit for Christmas." How can you call him a friend?

A. N. (Ongar).—"Russian boots are the answer of our girls to the prodigal sun." And they shelter the fatted calf.

NORA (Willesden).—"He kissed me when I wasn't looking." Now, we suppose, you'll never look at him a ain.

G. P. (Thetford).—"I played billiards all the evening from eight o'clock until twelve without a break." What a rotten player you must be!

J. L. (Landon Links).—"I can get neither quality nor civility from my coal-dealer." He seems a slack sort of fellow.

T. B. (Keswick).—"How can one be sure of keeping a husband?" Love him a good deal more than you tell him you do.

T. B. L. (Bolton).—"Everybody should be able to determine an infectious disease at sight." Measles are soon spotted.

J. L. (Devon).—"This year's pantomime songs are mostly written in England by Englishmen." The best chestnuts are natives, too.

L. G. T. (Bolton).—"We've been married twenty years and never had but one row." It must have been a good one to last all that time.

"AMBITIOUS" (Petersham).—"Some day, I am convinced, my name will be engraved on marble." Perhaps—but your executors may have to choose a less expensive stone.

G. B. B. (Norwich).—"Monotony is a thing we all revolt against." Even the British breakfaster occasionally insists on bacon and eggs as a change from eggs and bacon.

F. P. (Marsdon).—"I wouldn't be seen in your office." Surely you're not such a tiny Tom Thumb as all that.

PERCY (Swansea).—"Isn't the story I sent a good one?" Very good, it has stood the test of time.

G. T. (Hehester).—"Golf is terrifying to the beginner." You soon get in a hole.

L. C. T. (Cardiff).—"Cinema managers make their halls too hot." There are plenty of fans.

J. H. (Peterhead).—"Our railway companies show no initiative." Too many sleepers, you think?

S. C. (Kenton).—"I assure you, I like castor-oil." That doesn't go down with us.

L. N. (Hammersmith).—"I haven't been to France since the war." That's a good many Cabinets ago.

D. J. S. (Rochester).—"A married man can live on less than half the money a bachelor can." He has to.

GEO. L. (Richmond).—"Rugby is a breathless sort of game." Hence the players' short pants.

A. W. W. (Ipswich).—"Some men are born great and some achieve greatness." And some just grate.

N. M. (Edmonton).—"Heat travels faster than cold." Yes; anybody can catch a cold.

LENA (Doncaster).—"He says my face is a rosy picture of beauty." And painted all by yourself we'll be bound.

MRS. F. (Kew).—"Some men make more fuss over losing a trousers button than they do over losing a wife." Naturally. They can go out without a wife.

M. K. L. (Halifax).—"When I get toothache I wish human beings had been born without teeth." To the best of our belief they were.

MRS. Y. (Birmingham).—"You seem to misunderstand your women correspondents." Well, they don't try to make themselves plain, do they?

M. W. (Bradford).—"When out of work patience is a virtue." If you sit still waiting for something to turn up it's a vice.

J. W. T. (Liverpool).—"I married my landlady's daughter and a jolly clever girl too." Tut, tut. Don't boast to us of your bigamy.

J. Y. (Yeadon).—"I take care that my 'love-letters' are merely short, type-written notes." Darling! XXXXXXX.

CORA (Wigan).—"I have a young man caller who says he's all on fire for me." We advise you asking your father to put him out.

H. J. C. (Whitehaven).—"I'm thinking of hanging up a stocking on Christmas Eve—but I'm not too optimistic." If it's still empty in the morning, think of a good *Bullet* and fill it with a £500 cheque.

Keep Smiling

THOUGH winter chills and Christmas bills
May harass and perplex you,
Let not the frost, or living's cost
Embarrass you and vex you.
When worries come don't get all glum
And say that life is chronic,
Don't kick the cat. Just take your hat
And go and get a tonic.
I guarantee to bring you glee
However sad your case is
The Passing Show makes laughter grow
In most unlikely places.

THE SHOWMAN.

D. L. (Lincoln).—"Prohibition in America is a farce." In one faulty Act.

G. M. (Hull).—"I like your prominent features." But we have just the usual sort of face.

H. N. (Islington).—"We have a good set of politicians in Parliament just now." Yes; they're a promising lot.

G. N. (Soho).—"When our house was burnt, the piano was saved." We suppose the firemen played on it.

K. G. (Holborn).—"Her dog bit me and she said she was sorry." We trust the animal is all right now.

E. W. (Bungay).—"I know how to manage my wife." So do we, but she won't let us!

G. M. (Leeds).—"A friend has put £1,000 into my business." Capital!

M. D. (Hatfield).—"I am writing a book under a nom-de-plume." Coward.

S. T. (Barmouth).—"I slipped on the frosty pavement." Another back to the land movement!

E. P. (Wells).—"Dear John Bull——" What at twopence a copy?

L. H. (Mickelfield).—"I was a fool when I married this woman." That was a bit rough luck for your wife.

MISS G. (Burnley).—"I write just as I think." Only much oftener.

GEORGE G. (Grange Park).—"Beauty is but skin deep." Yes, but some people are so remarkably thick-skinned.

MRS. J. (Manchester).—"I've been in London two days looking for my husband." Some women have been in London twenty years looking for husbands.

MISS K. (Brentford).—"Don't you think by my photo I have changed for the worse?" No, no. You could only change for the better.

G. P. (Lumsden).—"What would you do if you saw your neighbours grinning like geese every time you went out?" Sign the pledge.

LAURENCE C. (Bedford).—"My wedding had to be put off because the day before I met with an accident." That was clever. How did you manage it?

MRS. N. (Northfield).—"I always keep my dog in the house to protect me." We suppose you let him go for a tramp now and again?

S. S. T. (Uxbridge).—"Does such a place as Utopia actually exist?" Oh yes, in the minds of those who write about it.

G. H. (Chester).—"I can't afford to go away yet must have a change of air." Try putting a new record on the gramophone.

V. K. (Saltburn).—"I couldn't enter into the enjoyment of the boys who snowballed me as I passed them." Their amusement naturally left you cold.

S. P. C. (Lincoln).—"Our new maid is carelessly inattentive to orders." You'll probably find her far more ready to give than to take notice.

L. F. (Shepherd's Bush).—"I'll write you again when I get time." Don't bother—we can easily wait till after you come out.

D. P. (York).—"Do you believe there's anything in crystal-gazing?" Yes, quite a lot, sometimes—for the owner of the crystal.

N. D. O. (Southfields).—"My host sent me in to dinner with a woman with a dreadfully turned-up nose." And you resented the snub?

O. R. (Maidstone).—"Should one be quite natural when one acts?" It depends upon what one is like when one is quite natural.

D. D. (Chichester).—"My cook simply won't remember what I order! What's one to do?" Tell her often, and if that fails, tell her off.

H. P. A. (Marylebone).—"My fiancée thinks she is the most beautiful girl in the world." Well, so do you, if you're anything of a lover. So what's the trouble?

B. W. (Londonderry).—"Should a sister expect you to take her to the theatre?" Your own sister, or somebody else's?

GRETA (Partick).—"My sweetheart said he wanted a bushel of kisses." And what did you give him? A few pecks?

F. J. (London, S.W.).—"Men are not having their hair cut quite so short." Most men like to wear their hair as long as they can.

G. M. (Harrow).—"A baby needs refreshing sleep." Unfortunately, however, this does not generally dawn on it until dawn.

L. R. (Egham).—"I form my own conclusions." Doubtless, but the trouble is that it's too far from your commencement.

Many replies unavoidably held over.

The Squire shares a good thing.

"We all seem to be smoking 'Country Life' nowadays," said the Squire.

"And it's easy to see why, sir. They're a rattling good smoke—fine tobacco, cool and well made, and only 5½d. for ten instead of the usual sixpence. That ha'penny saved on every packet soon mounts up. I reckon I save nigh on two pounds ten in a year by smoking 'Country Life.'"

"That's the very reason I smoke them myself," said the Squire.

Player's "Country Life" Cigarettes

5½d for 10 CORK TIPS

"Country Life" Tobacco—Mild and Medium, 1/- per oz. White Label, 10½d. per oz.

CL 43

Meltis DESSERT CHOCOLATE

Very delicious flavour. You cannot buy a better Chocolate

1/- per ½-lb. pkt. Other sizes 4d. & 8d.

FACTORY TO RIDER

Carriage Paid, Free on Days' Free Trial. £4 19s. 6d. Cash or 2/6 Weekly. Prompt Delivery. Second-hand Cycles CHEAP. Accessories at popular prices. Write for Free Lists and Special Offer of Sample Bicycle.

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Catarrh – BRONCHITIS ADENOIDS, TONSILS &c.

can be successfully treated at home by my method. Allow no operations on nose or throat before reading my booklet—sent free. Enclose 1½d. for postage. Consultations daily. Phone Mayfair 6432. Advice by post.

Lt.-Col. Kynaston R.F. Surg. R.A.M.C. L.R.C.P. M.R.C.S.

Room 9, Langham House, Regent St., London W.1

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements to in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Yeast is life!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets.

A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve

Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.

Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.

Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression in 10 to 15 minutes.

Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.

Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours.

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received nearly 30,000 letters from satisfied users, in less than two years which are open to inspection.

24612—I do not hesitate to recommend them to my patients and the results are quite wonderful. I am taking them myself and feel years younger than I did a week ago!

24118—Dr. T. V. N.: I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration when I tell you that the results from Yeast-Vite were simply astonishing. Severe cases of Asthenia (general weakness). Kindly send supplies to the four hospitals mentioned herewith.

24111—Mr. B., S.R.N., C.S., M.M.G.: "Up to the present Yeast-Vite tablets have never failed. I have given them in cases where all other remedies failed. Many of my patients would not be without them."

17012—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

16224—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

25333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

21966—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.

25334—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

26333—For 13 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work, and never felt better.

22741—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21067—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions, I tried lots of medicines without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better.

21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

21234—I was miserable, irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this, and let the public know how much good they have done me.

22373—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful! I recommend them to everybody!

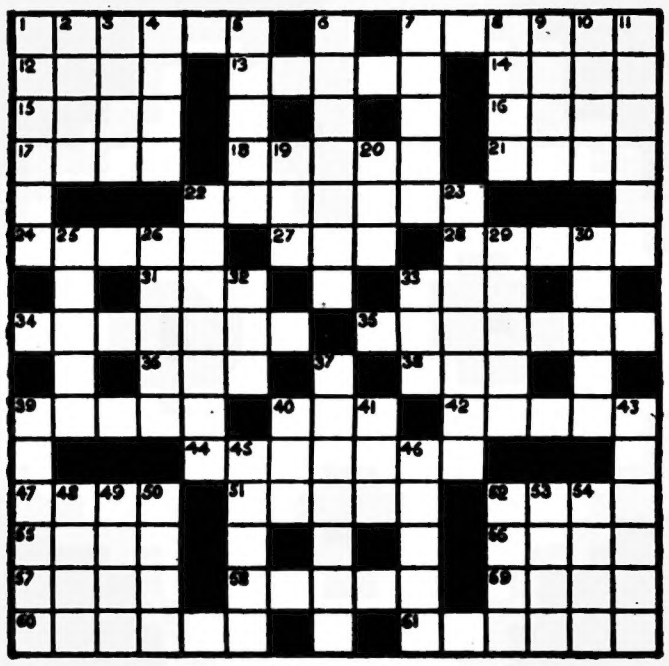
Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, "Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

Our Crossword Corner

For the Holiday Half-hour



ACROSS CLUES

1. Dread disease.
7. A coarse laugh.
12. Difference between nominal and real money.
13. Silly.
14. Metallic vein.
15. Prickly pear.
16. Musical work
17. Lower timber of a ship.
18. Go in.
21. French fortress.
22. Wave-reaching shore.
24. Pertaining to the senior service.
27. Neckwear.
28. White.
31. Spirit.
33. Extinct bird.
34. Workmen.
35. Old.
36. Pig shelter.
38. Weight.
39. Unnecessary loss.
40. Atmosphere.
42. A Russian edict.
44. Vagabonds.
47. Kind of light vehicle
51. Porcelain.
52. Coagulated matter.
55. Healthy.
56. Italian city.
57. Branch of the Celtic language.
58. Road.
59. Baking apparatus.
60. Open again.
61. To be sorry.

DOWN CLUES

1. Tuft of unisexual flowers.
2. Shivering fever.
3. A number.
4. Mineral substance.
5. Large stream.
6. Kind of pigeon.
7. Style.
8. A whim.
9. At the front.
10. Horizontal opening into mine.
11. To wither.
19. Snare.
20. Extend.
22. Watery bubble.
23. Hoarse.
25. Main artery.
26. Public charge on land.
29. Smooth-scaled lizard.
30. Irish town.
32. Negative.
33. Insect.
37. Wicked.
39. To dry up.
40. Free.
41. Went swiftly.
43. Compass.
45. Seed of oak.
46. Light beer.
48. Uncommon.
49. In addition to.
50. A sly look.
52. A riding whip.
53. Affection.
54. A foreboding.

Boxing-Day Ghosts

Phantoms Round the Debris of the Feast

WHEN you have withdrawn from the festive board and are engaged in merriment elsewhere, your places at the table may be occupied by phantoms, the shades of those who through misfortune have been unable to celebrate Christmas.

For weeks, perhaps, you were engaged in preparations for the feast, and when the day arrived you lacked nothing that goes to make for comfort and cheerfulness.

It was a preparation in which every member of the household participated, from the youngest to the oldest, and when all was over much remained unconsumed.

Contrast your happy condition with the state of those unfortunate people who in spirit gathered round the *debris* of the feast of which they could not partake. We know of hundreds of families who have struggled for months to keep body and soul together on a weekly income of £1.

It needs little calculation to realise that even a joint of meat is a luxury to such families. Frequently, indeed, meat is only to be obtained once a week.

IN many cases, mothers of families have waited until the last thing on Christmas Eve in the hope that the butcher might let them have a better joint than usual cheaply, and then had nothing to carry home but a piece of flank of beef.

A few pence have been expended upon a plain suet pudding, and father had gone without tobacco that the children might have an orange apiece.

We have endeavoured, as we do every year to supply the wherewithal for a good Christmas dinner to as many families as possible, but our means have not permitted us to do all that we desired.

There is no reason why many more of such families should not have a belated celebration, if every reader will remember the hungry spectres that take his place and will send a contribution to the "Greatest of These—" Fund.

It is a simple and inexpensive way of laying the ghosts and it will enable you to rejoice with greater heartiness and peace of mind in the knowledge that your happiness is shared by others.

"The Greatest of These—"

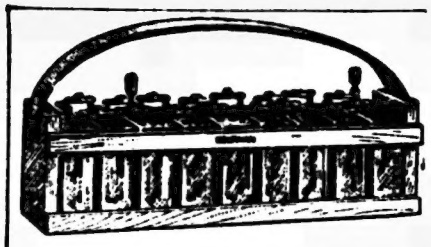
Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penney that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs E. R. Panting, 5s.; L. V., 6d.; A Thank-offering, 5s.; A. G. (Ironshall), 2s. 6d.; E. B. Ellison, parcel; Mrs. Aylmore, parcel; Mrs. Nellie Wilson, 1s.; John Scott, 3s.; L. S. (Bulwell), 2s. 6d. and parcel; T. L., Skinner, 4s.; H. T. Harrison, 16 francs; I. E. Johnson, 1s.; A. Moore, 1s. 3d.; F. Hall, 2s. 6d.; "O" (Bristol), 1s. 6d.; A. Cole, 6d.; O. Eaves, 6d.; Mrs. Askwith, 6d.; A. Robinson, 6d.; Mrs. A. Longley, 6d.; Elena T., 10s.; L. B., 1s. 4d.; Mrs. K. (Oxford), 2s. 6d.; Signor, 2s.; T. P., Two 9ths, 1s. 6d.; M. A. Otter, 2s. 9½d.; A. R. Reader, 4s.; S. Greenwood, £1; "Thankful," 2s.; E. A. (Dundee), 6d.; A. Baird, 1s. 3d.; L. V. B., 2s. 6d.; Mr. Salkeld, 2s.; E. S. Gilbert, 9d.; K. E. M., H. O. F., parcel; H. B. B., 5s.; Springfield, 2s. 4d.; J. T. Curry, 5s.; M. F. B., 1s. 3d.; "Jessie," 2s. 4d.; W. H. Wilkins, 1s.; G. D., 1s.; W. Kettle, 2s. 6d.; E. Riddlesden, 2s. 6d.; J. N. S. M., 5d.; Kolin (Glasgow), 6½d.; H. B. (Glasgow), 6d.; Uckfield, 2nd Quarter, 1s. 1d.; M. Tuck, parcel; T. L. Skinner, parcel; Anon., 4½d.; J. Coombs, 5s.; Birmingham, 1s.; From a Poor Woman, 1s.; E. Alderson, 2s.; Easthorpe, 2s.; Mrs. I., Halling, 5s.; J. Hewer, 6d.; A. Reader, 6d.; Thankful, 2s.; Three Boys, 2s.; Insurance Agent, £1.

E. Purkiss, 1s.; H. E. M., 1s.; H. & M. T. P., 1s. 6d.; E. A. H., 1s. 1d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Tommy, 1s.; Shoe Artist, 1s.; Mrs. W. Nesbitt, 12s. 4d.; H. E. (Chiswick), 1s. 6d.; W. Fox, 9d.; Grateful Heart, 2s. 6d.; Returned Again With Thanks, 6d.; Friday's Ninth, 1s.; A. Thom, 1s.; E. M. B. L., 3s. 6d.; The Roadman's Wife, parcel; Scribe Ezra, parcel; Betty and Rita, parcel and 9d.; H. Pellett, parcel and 1s.; Finchley Nurse, 2s.; W. Taylor, 4d.; Robbo, 2s. 6d.; E. T. Jones, 25 cents; Three Working Women, 3s. 6d. Mr. A. Stubbs, £10; R. O., Bordighera; £10; Emma Jane, £4.

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.



ANOTHER EDISWAN AID TO PERFECT RECEPTION

The Ediswan

'HYMEG' H.T. ACCUMULATOR

These Ediswan Accumulators are specially constructed to give perfect insulation and to obviate all possibility of leakage between cells.

In Black Enamelled Teak Crates with carrying handles, syphon type filler, and two wander plugs.

Price **10d.** Per Volt.

24, 30, 40, 50, 60, 72 and 120 volts. Capacity 2 amp. hours at 10 hour rate, or approx. 4,000 m'lli-amps. at ratio of discharge. Charge Rate .25 amp.

AT ALL WIRELESS DEALERS

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD., 123-5, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

Radio Talks.

Howls and Squeaks

by Professor A. M. LOW, Fellow of the Radio Association

THE B.B.C. has brought the word "Don't" into even more prominence than that resulting from the famous advice to those about to be married. Undoubtedly, the absence of selective power in broadcasting is leading to a serious state of affairs in the æther.

We cannot insist, as listeners, upon the change or choice of programmes that should be available. The radio studios are, in a sense, glorified music-halls, and they have to provide a change of programme nightly, with matinees every day. They cannot possibly satisfy everyone.

They cannot provide innumerable programmes of different characters all sent out on different wave-lengths, because wireless science does not yet know how to select between wave-lengths close together, and because, unless the most expensive sets are installed and used with a high degree of skill, it would result in several programmes being heard together.

The Post Office dares not even licence a number of competing firms to broadcast because they would need to work upon widely different waves, and would, therefore, interfere seriously with ships at sea and telegraph services.

* * *

THE howls and squeaks produced by oscillatory sets are becoming serious. The trouble is mostly due to a desire for more volume than is properly within the capacity of the set. Now that listeners so often regard the crystal as a stepping-stone to the valve outfit, they naturally want to search the æther for novelties and programmes from abroad.

Electrical interferences from other people's outside aerials, from tramways, trains, and generating-stations become worse every day.

The Continental programme-hunter has a right to his hobby, and the B.B.C. could easily satisfy him and please others by rebroadcasting such events for us.

The absence of selection has led to an almost hopeless state in America, where many rival broadcasting licences have been granted, a terrible warning to those unappreciative of our British system.

* * *

AT the America Washington Radio Conference the voting was in favour of further reducing the number of wireless stations.

In the United States wireless is even more general than in this country, and howling has become so bad that they are suggesting the complete prohibition of reaction. So drastic a remedy is much against the interests of progress, but as the "novelty" programmes increase in popularity, it is only to be expected that transmission will vary, and it is most important that all valve sets should be adjusted to suit each item.

* * *

As soon as the Broadcasting Commission has made its report, let us hope listeners will broadcast *their* report calling for far more music and less talking, with special wave-lengths for education and news.

With the festive season upon us cheerful programmes and popular songs are the greatest need of the listener. There are to be many novel items this season, and I most strongly advise those who are still waiting for wireless to reach perfection to realise that they will be in the same boat in three years' time.

58/-

The SWAN-NECK AMPLION

An inexpensive loud speaker, incorporating exclusive AMPLION features and giving better results than many models sold at twice the price.

Obtainable from AMPLION STOCKISTS, Radio Dealers or Stores.

Patentees and Manufacturers:
ALFRED GRAHAM & Co. (E. A. Graham)
Crofton Park, London, S.E.4.
London Showrooms: 25/26, Savile Row, W.1.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 585.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,500
Mr. W. W. PICKARD, 21, Kingsley Road, Norwich.
Example :—DOGS OF WAR.
Bullet :—SLIP MAY LET SLIP.

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. A. WILLIAMS, 6, Lake View, Gresford, Wrexham.
Example :—AT CHRISTMAS
Bullet :—ANOTHER "TAX" ON "STOCKINGS."

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. J. G. HOWELLS, Bryn Road, Pontlliw, Nr. Swansea.
Example :—BETTER WORLD
Bullet :—MAN HIS OWN COLUMBUS.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. J. S. HORNER, 16, Woodhouse Lane, Wigan.
Example :—WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN
Bullet :—DIDN'T WORRY HERO—*Then.*
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

FIFTH PRIZE OF £25:
Miss A. HAYES, 23, Sandymount Green, Dublin.
Example :—UNCLE SAM
Bullet :—LENT, BUT WON'T RELENT.

10 Prizes of £10 each:
H. H. DAWSON, 3, Epperstone Road, West Bridgford. ON SUNDAY—PROBLEM—DEVOTIONS OR DIVERSIONS.
J. HOWAT, 23, Roslea Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow. OUR GOVERNMENT—"HITS *Screw* ON HEAD."
R. L. JONES, 28, Montague Street, Bloomsbury, W.C. THANKS TO BABY —"CATCHING" EVERYTHING, I'M "STUMPED."
F. H. ORME, 44, Elm Crescent, Bentley, Doncaster. BETTER WORLD—"JOINING FORCES" DISBANDING FORCES.
C. H. SHEARD, The Heights, Ilkley, Yorks. DELIVERING THE GOODS—FOREIGNER—WE'RE "MAKING ROADS."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
H. SMITH, 187, Northwold Road, London, E. IN EASY STREET—BRITAIN'S CREDITORS—AND DEBTORS.
F. TURNER, 22, Rutland Street, Cardiff. UNCLE SAM—"SQUEEZING" EUROPE—"HUGGING." HIMSELF.
J. W. WATSON, 50, The Harebreaks, Watford. BETTER WORLD—AFTER FIGHTING FOR, FORFEITING
L. G. WOODBRIDGE, 18, Devonshire Place, Exeter. WHAT IS WEALTH?—"TONIC" THAT *Creates* NERVES.
J. WYNNE, 73, The Grove, Ealing, W. RED TIE—UNDO BY TIGHTENING LAWS.

10 Prizes of £5 each:
A. BURNELL, New Houses, West Calder, N.B. DOGS OF WAR—EASIER MUSTERED THAN MASTERED.
J. H. CLARKE, 309, Highfield Road, Birmingham. VILLAGE POLICEMAN—WHO'S NOT, IN OURS?
F. CLIFTON, 33, Prince Alfred Street, Gosport. BETTER WORLD—WHEN FRONTIERS IMAGINARY LINES.
W. COUCHMAN, 58, Chippenham Road, London, W. SCARCE—"*Wool* IS *Cheap* CLOTHING."
J. GALLACHER, 12, Strathclyde Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow. UNCLE SAM—KNOWING ONE OWING NONE.
J. GODDARD, Ovingt n Par , Alr sford. THING THAT MATTERS—"*Fitness* FOR THE DEFENCE."
W. J. HATTON, 137, Exeter Street, St. Helens. AT CHRISTMAS —PRESENT ALIBI—RESENT PALMS.
D. JONES, 20, High Street, Abergwili, Carmarthen. RUSSIAN BOOTS—SOMETHING NEW UNDER *Daughter.*
Miss V. SANDERS, Stellina Minnis, Caterbury. WHEN WE ALL FLY—"LESS *T.* IN THE DUST."
A. TEMPLETON, 13, Little Dovehill, Glasgow. FATHER'S MISTAKE—STUFFED TURKEY—PUDDING MISSING.

5 Prize winners of £1:
H. Austin, 52, Carr Lane, Glam Houghton.
S. Beckett, 13, Highbury Road, Smethwick.
C. W. Bowler, "Wood-end," Morda Rd., Oswestry.
A. W. Bradgate, 25, The Gardens, Peckham Rye.
W. Brooks, 42, Ely St., Tonypandy.
Miss M. E. Brown, 15, Bernard St., Nottingham.
J. N. Bushbye, 1, Church St., Willington Quay.
W. Cain, 82, Milburn Rd., Ashington.
A. Clarke, Hatton Mental Hospital, Nr. Warwick.
Mrs. W. F. Dale, Gloucester Pl., Witney.
W. E. Darvills, 58, Harwood Rd., Watford.
H. Eatough, 4, Mountain Lane, Accrington.
M. Eden, 3, Catherine St., Crewe.
S. Elliott, 39, Litchfield Gdns., Willesden.
W. Felgate, Sheepcote Green, Clavering, Essex.
W. Fisher, 54, Cobden St., Wednesbury.
W. H. Fowler, 17, Ealing Pk. Gdns., Ealing.
G. H. Gibbons, "Lynwood," Oakly Rd., Redditch.
J. M. Gordon, 323, Thistle St., Glasgow.
Miss B. Hilton, Burrfields, Chapel-le-Frith.
J. Holmes, 35, Manna Ridge, Birstall.
G. Hopkins, 51, Wyndham St., Troedrhiw.
F. Hughes, Junr., 32, Llewelyn Rd., Coed Poeth.
C. H. Jackson, 8, Sefton Av., Newcastle.
Miss M. Kinnis, 25, Kings Rd., St. Leonards.
M. H. Larcombe, 12, Napier Terr., Plymouth.
F. Leach, Mersey View, Weston, Nr. Runcorn.
E. Lee, 1, Hillside Av., Oldham.
R. J. Lush, 391, Brockley Rd., Brockley, S.E.
E. J. Moran, Adelphi Hotel, Harrogate.
T. J. Morgan, 2, Pennant St., Ebbw Vale.
J. Panter, 47, High St., Desborough.
Mrs. F. Parkinson, 9, Canning St., Liverpool.
T. S. Postins, Terrills Rd., Tenbury Wells.
D. Ritchie, 14, Park Avenue, Dundee.
Mrs. D. Rothwell, 236, Hornby Rd., Blackpool.
F. L. Shobbrook, 23, Gresham St., London, E.C.
E. M. Snowden, 4 , South Parks Rd., Oxford.
C. G. Spray, 2, Cathedral Rd., Cardiff.
L. J. Tidcombe, 23, Glamorgan St., Aberaman.
H. Wadsworth, 5, Clarinda Park W., Kingstown.
W. N. Wainman, 7, Oxford St., Preston.
D. Walters, Cae Hopkin, Aberavon, Swansea.
W. Walton, 31, Ashfield Rd., Gosforth.
B. Wanchope, 10, Grosvenor Cres., Edinburgh.
A. Williams, 6, Lake View, Gresford.
A. C. W. Williams, 11, Beech Walk, Crayford.
P. Windebank, 20, Station Rd., Christchurch.
Miss S. Woods, 38, Brook St., Preston.
Sgt. S. Wormald, 10th Royal Hussars, Aldershot.

"BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE!

2nd. Prize £100 — **£500** — **3rd. Prize £50**

4th. Prize £25 — **10 PRIZES OF £5** — **100 PRIZES OF £1** — **10 PRIZES OF £2·10** — **5th. Prize £10**

200 at 5/- 500 at 2/6 6,000 Target Prizes

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 586.

MY CHRISTMAS-BOX
MERRY AND BRIGHT
GOOD CHEER
IN HER STOCKING
A WHITE LIE
NO EXCUSE
WELL WRAPPED UP
MY LIFE
SWEET YOUNG THING
QUICK WORK
LOOKING FOR HUSBAND
HEARD AT THE CINEMA
SUSPICIOUSLY
SEEN AT HOME
A HOWLER
GOOD AS GOLD
FIRST BLOW
IN HER DIARY
LAUGHING
MORE OR LESS
AFTER CHRISTMAS
AT THE DENTIST'S
WHAT THE PAPER SAID
HELPING HER
ENOUGH TO DO
HEIGHT OF FASHION
HIS SHIRT
WHEN FATHER'S ABOUT
THANKS TO THE DOLE
UNDER THE MISTLETOE
SHOULD BE ABOLISHED
WHAT IS A GIRL?

100 Prize-winners of £1:

F. W. Abel, 13, Barton St., Brighouse; E. Alker, 39, Saunders Rd., Blackburn; A. W. Allen, 15, North Rd., Bristol; M. D. Archibald, c.o. Erskine, 311, Paisley Rd., Glasgow; Miss G. Aynsley, 30, Beverley St., Nottingham; G. S. Barnes, c.o. Fosters Wine Stores, Balham, S.W.; W. C. Batteman, 19, Priory St., Preston; Miss B. Bayley, 33, Rathgar Rd., Dublin; F. Bevis, 19, New Rd., Southampton; H. H. Bond, Merrie Meade, Lr. Sunbury Rd., Sunbury; A. D. Bone, 25, Palace Sq., Norwood; W. G. Bosworth, 52, Moor St., Burton; B. Bradshaw, 1a, Ashton Heath, Ashton-in-Makerfield; T. W. Brown, c.o. Trafalgar House, 11, Waterloo Pl., S.W.; S. H. Caddy, 95, Stow Hill, Newport, Mon.; A. R. Chadwick, Romani Brooklands Rd., Sale; H. T. Chalmers, 35, Kenilworth Av., Wishaw; F. Chappell, 22, Pritchard St., Tonyrefail; A. H. Cochran, 46, Picton St., Bristol; R. Coles, Nurse's Cottage, Theale; F. W. Coleman, 32, Durham St., Southsea; B. A. Cooke, Percy Villas, East Howe, Bournemouth; E. J. Coppin, Catterick Village, Yorks.; H. Corner, Bull Inn, Brasted; Mrs. A. E. Cotton, 38, Grafton Rd., Bedford; E. W. Cottrell, 5, Clifton St., Old Trafford; J. T. Courtney, 36, Sydenham Gdns., Belfast; H. Cowan, 11, Quayside Bldgs., Berwick; A. E. Cox, Lynwood, Rose Grove, Pluratree; L. J. Crook, W. Ham Tramways, Greengate St., Plaistow; W. E. Daniels, 40, Avenue Terr., Stonehouse; S. Delves, Potters, Hawkhurst, Kent; D. J. Devlin, 3, West Royd, Hipperholme, Nr. Halifax; A. Dixon, 18, Mill St., Mansfield; H. Dixon, 418, Liverpool St., Seedley; N. Dewdney, 1, Briants Ave., Caversham; L. E. Dodge, Garden Row, E. Coker, Yeovil; A. Edwards, 9, Spring Terr., Bilton, Harrogate; Nurse M. Emecan, 287, St. Sepulchre

(*Continued on page* 28.)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the Examples printed; then give any **Two, Three or Four Words**, having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you :—

Example :—THE MIDDLE CLASSES Bullet :—VERY SILENT—VERY SOUND.
Example :—THE DOLE Bullet :—FEEDS MAN—STARVES MANHOOD.
Example :—HAPPY FAMILY Bullet :—"BROOD" WHO DON'T.

SEND POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN

You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Address Coupons to—"Bullets" No. 586, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (temp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 31.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(586) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 28. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 31.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(586) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 28. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 31.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(586) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 28. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 31
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(586) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 28. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

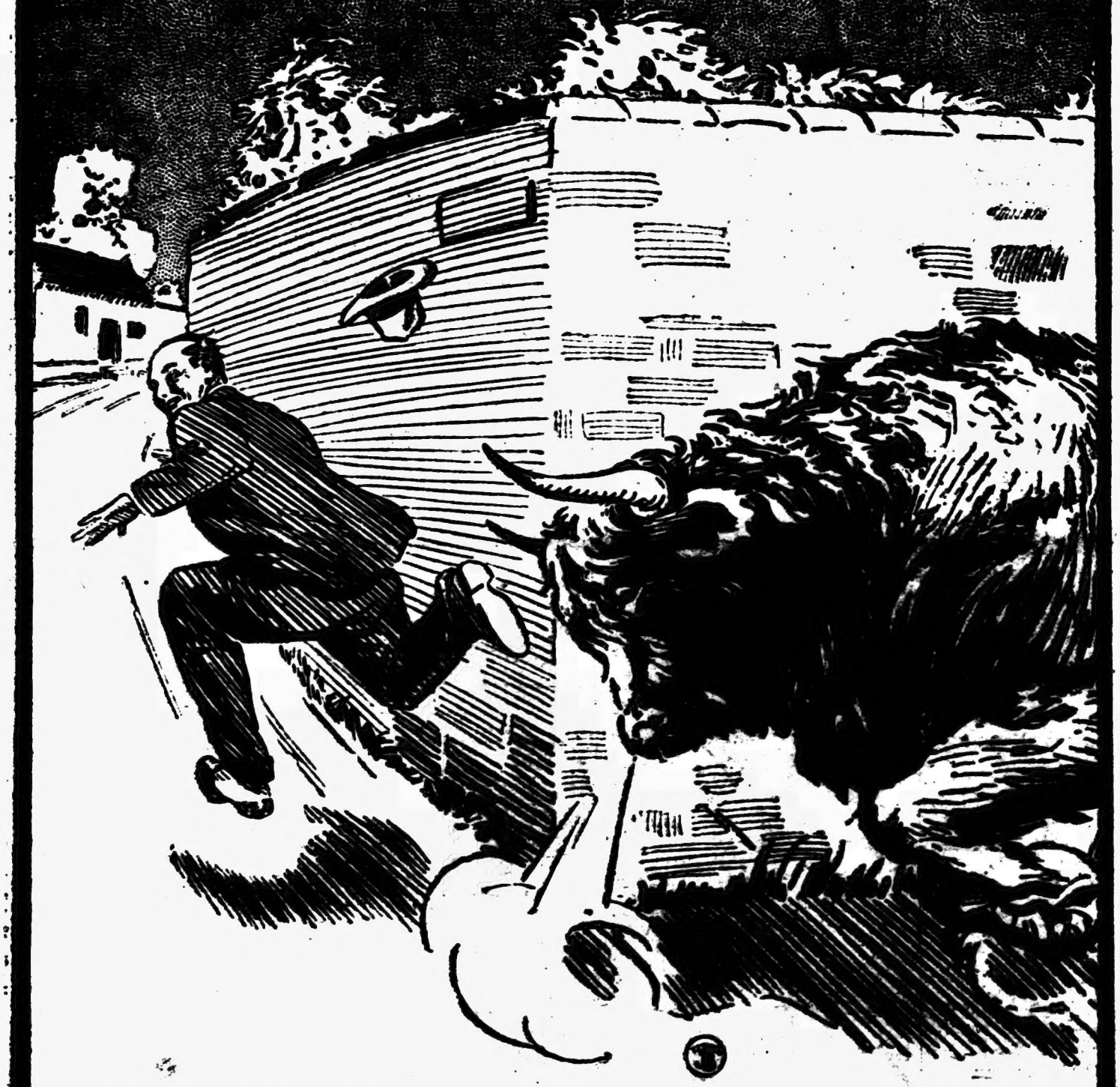
☞ If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 583 can now be seen in the window of Mrs. LLOYD, Newsagent, The Hut, Rhubina, Nr. Cardiff.

NEXT WEEK Bullets "BIG TEN"!

1st. Prize £300, 2nd. Prize £100, 3rd. Prize £50, 4th. Prize £30, 5th. Prize £20, 5 Prizes of £10

BOVRIL



Bovril helps you to turn the corner!

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